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Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 443.

JANUARY 1, 1859.

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CONTENTS.

Charles Forbes Comte de Montalembert	4
Montalembert on the Indian Debate	4
ENGLISH LITERATURE:—	
Muirhead's Life of James Watt	6
Gilbart on the Logic of Banking	7
Megathym Splene's Alma Matres	8
Prescott's History of Philip II.	10
Neander's History of Christian Dogmas	11
Bowditch's Suffolk Surnames	11
The Poets of the West	12
Photographs of the Cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. By Caldesi and Montecchio	13
The Last Supper. By Leonardo da Vinci	13
Deborah's Diary; a Sequel to "Mary Powell"	13
The Minister's Wooing. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe	13
Lester's Struggles in Falling	14
Verey's Tales for the Twilight	14
Piesse's Chemical, Natural, and Physical Magic	14
Cruikshank's Reissue of Scraps and Sketches	14
Conant's Translations of the Book of Job	14
Cumming's Sabbath Morning Readings	14
Cumming's Sabbath Evening Readings	14
Adams (Rev. C.) on the Inscription on the Cross as recorded by the Four Evangelists	14
Serials, Periodicals, &c.	14
Magazines	14

FOREIGN LITERATURE:—	
The Critic in Paris	13
Louis Blanc's History of the French Revolution	16
America:	
From our special Correspondent	17
Italy:	
From our special Correspondent	17
THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.:—	
The Drama	19
Art and Artists:	
Talk of the Studios	19
Music and Musicians	19
Musical and Dramatic Gossip	20
Science and Inventions	20
Archæological Summary	21
Literary News	21
Foreign Books Recently Published	22
Obituary	22
Advertisements	1, 2, 22, 23, 24

NOTICE.

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To which address all Communications, Advertisements, &c., should in future be sent.

DAY OF PUBLICATION.

TO Accommodate the Country Trade, and to facilitate the transmission to the provinces, THE CRITIC, from and after the commencement of 1859, will be published at 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY. All Communications, Advertisements, &c., must reach the office not later than 5 o'clock p.m. on THURSDAY, to insure attention in the current number.

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THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

IN TURNING OVER a new leaf and opening a fresh account for the new year, it is a common and not unprofitable occupation to take into consideration what obstacles there may be to prevent us thriving in our business, and how we may best set about removing and abolishing them. The man whose interests are wedded to literature has no need to ponder long before he discovers what these are in his own case; because, if he be one who has bestowed any serious thought upon the circumstances of his position, they must have already presented themselves to him in a variety of annoying shapes, and his heart must have oftentimes been sorely troubled how best to accomplish their cessation. Need we say that we refer to the Paper Duty and the want of International Copyright? These are the clogs and fetters which gall and shackle all literary limbs in Great Britain, and we trust that the coming Year of Grace 1859 will not be suffered to pass away without something being done for the abolition of at least one of them.

It is not our purpose to recapitulate here the thousand and one arguments to be urged against the Paper Duty—with terrible humour christened the Tax upon Knowledge. That task has been saved us by the admirable manner in which the case is stated in the pamphlet lately put forward by the Association for obtaining the Repeal of the Paper Duty; and even were that not so, the facts are too widely known to need a solitary repetition of them. Facts! Why, the facts and arguments are all one way. No one has pretended, no one can pretend, that there is a shadow of a fact or the ghost of an argument favourable to the duty; and even an unwilling CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has been driven to make confession that such a duty is impolitic, and ought to be discontinued as soon as possible. The only reason why it is not discontinued is that it yields half a million of money, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER (using a form of logic peculiar to such officials) says: Before I give up that sum, you must show me where I can get the same amount from another quarter. It were needless to reply that this argument ought to have protected every tax that ever has existed, from the invention of taxation until now, or to point out the superiority of retrenchment over the discovery of some new source of income. "Give me my half-million from somewhere else," cries Mr. DISRAELI, with all the rapacity of his co-nationalist at Venice, "and I will let the paper go free." To suggest a means of getting that half-million, to dive into the secrets of the revenue, to become versed in fises and duties, until we can suggest something that will bear taxation better than the raw material of human education, ought to be a chief business with the press this year. A great movement is already organised; and both the paper and publishing trades are agitated from one end to the other. There are associations and committees all over the country; and even the public (slow as that apathetic individuality generally is) begins to understand that it may possibly be interested in the matter. We understand that next session a great endeavour will be made to throw off this incubus which hath lain so heavily upon the national press. Let all assist zealously in the task. Who knows what one laggard may have left undone?

As for the other stumbling-block, the want of proper International Copyright, it is plain that the only question of any importance for England lies between herself and America. Her treaties with France and other foreign states are of little avail to her. They bring in but scanty profits to our authors, and their terms are so loose, that they are evaded at every corner. The Americans, and the Americans alone, are the only people to have a copyright with whom is of paramount importance to our book trade. The Brussels Congress, with all its talk and discussion of abstract principles, effected nothing. This is always a capital error with the French; whenever they meet for any business they begin by discussing abstract principles, and before the first abstract principle is settled, the time is up and no business done. If we are to come to an understanding with the Americans at all upon this point—a matter of no small difficulty—it must be by a quiet, business-like conference between British and American authors and British and American publishers, with a few of the best lawyers of both countries to help them. Cannot this be effected some time during the coming summer? There is something said about a large party of literary men joining the trial trip of the Great Eastern. Might not that be expanded so as to include all the desirable parties to such a conference? Or will not our cousins come and pay Paternoster-row a visit? We are well aware that there are innumerable difficulties in the way of realising such a scheme—not the least of which would arise among "the trade" themselves. Indeed, we are very much afraid that it has grown to be quite a trade business, to the utter exclusion of the author; and yet perchance, if some influential body would take up the matter, many of these difficulties might be smoothed over. Suppose, for example, the members of the Society of Arts occupied themselves about the matter. With their influence and position, they would command an attention such as few other bodies could hope to obtain. Will not the gentlemen in John-street turn the matter over in their minds?

It has been noted as a remarkable phenomenon, and as manifesting an extraordinary want of enterprise in the newspaper world at this season, that no new journal is announced for the new year. Remembering the number of experiments which the past year inaugurated, and the fate of most of them, we are not surprised at this. Indeed, we cannot regard it otherwise than as a sign of confidence in the repeal of the paper duty; for what speculator would not prefer to await the removal of that burden (believing such a relief to be imminent), rather than enter precipitately into a weighted race?

THE following letter so clearly explains its own purpose, that it needs no explanation from us to recommend it to the reader:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—It is now eight years since, at the request of the Rev. J. M. Whytelaw, parish minister at Athelstanford, in East Lothian, I wrote a short letter to the *Scotsman* newspaper, calling the attention of the public to the fact that his illustrious predecessor in the same charge, the Rev. Robert Blair, author of "The Grave," was lying in the churchyard there without a monument. Since then, chiefly through the persevering and praiseworthy exertions of Mr. Whytelaw, a handsome monument has been erected to the memory of that true and powerful poet.

But now it appears that in the same churchyard there is no monument as yet to Blair's successor in the parish—the famous John Home, the author of "Douglas," who was ordained there in 1747, the year after Blair's death, and laboured there for, I think, ten or eleven years, till, through the prejudices of the Presbyterians of the period against his writing plays, he resigned his charge. He did not indeed die in Athelstanford, nor does his dust, I believe, repose there; but Mr. Whytelaw is joined by many more in the desire that something should be done to perpetuate his memory in the place where he wrote his principal works. Of the merits of "Douglas" I need not say a single word, nor is there the slightest occasion to rake up the ashes of the controversy which it occasioned. All I intend, or I trust need, to say is, that Mr. Whytelaw has commenced a subscription in behalf of the erection of a monument to Home, and will be happy to receive contributions (to be forwarded to the Rev. Mr. Whytelaw, Athelstanford Manse, Drem, East Lothian) from admirers of that dramatist's genius.—I am, Sir, &c.,
Dundee, 27th December 1858. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

SOME of our readers may be able to recall to mind the circumstances under which, nearly six months ago, Mr. LUND, the editor of "Wood's Algebra," made an attack upon Mr. TODHUNTER, accusing him of plagiarism and other dishonest practices. When the pamphlet appeared in which that attack was made, we took occasion to express our views upon the matter, in terms fully justified by the facts of the case. Nothing was heard of Mr. LUND at the time; but now, after a lapse of six months, he suddenly, and in a most unexpected manner, turns up with a kind of reply in the correspondence column of a recent number of the *Cambridge Chronicle*. His vindication is as follows:

MR. LUND'S EDITION OF WOOD'S ALGEBRA.

SIR,—There is one disadvantage, among others, in living in the country, far away from reading-rooms and booksellers' counters—viz. that one may sometimes be made the subject of much misrepresentation, in some of the various periodicals which are issued, without knowing it. I have only discovered that such has been my own case in reference to my "Exposure" of Mr. Todhunter's plagiarisms. A publication called the CRITIC, as far back as July last, makes the following statement:—

"It is a significant proof of the opinion entertained with regard to it at Cambridge, that, although Mr. Lund advertised his pamphlet to be printed at the University Press (thereby seeking to give it a sort of semi-official character), the Syndicate, in whom the control of that press resides, refused to print it, and Mr. Lund was compelled to have recourse to a London printer."

Now, all I wish to do is to correct this misstatement; and therefore I declare it to be a pure fiction of the writer, without any ground for it, except that I did change my mind as to the printer I should employ. The Syndics of the Press had nothing whatever to do with the matter from first to last; and my change of mind was the result of no extraneous interference, but was entirely due to my own will.

I have been printing at the Pitt Press almost continuously for more than twenty years, and, until my accurate reviewer in the CRITIC informed me, I was not aware that I had thereby secured for several works "a sort of semi-official character!" The idea is quite new to me, and so it will be, I think, to many of your readers.

I remain, yours faithfully, THOMAS LUND.

Morton Rectory, Dec. 9, 1858.

Now we do not ask Mr. LUND how it is that, having so long failed to hear of what was said of him in the "publication called the CRITIC," he is now sufficiently awakened to the importance of the notice taken of him to make it worth his while to publish a letter on the subject; but we will ask him why, if he be so anxious to set himself right with the persons who have read what he states to be a misrepresentation, he did not take the reasonable and straightforward course of writing to this journal? We do not pretend to lie under the same "disadvantages" as Mr. LUND, and it is highly improbable that anything should escape us after appearing in a journal like the *Cambridge Chronicle*; yet, if Mr. LUND really believed that we had aggrieved him in the matter, surely his plainest and most sensible course was to write to us.

So far as we have been concerned in the matter, we can only say that when Mr. LUND published what he calls "an 'Exposure' of Mr. TODHUNTER's plagiarisms"—but which was in reality no such thing, nor an exposure of anything but of Mr. LUND's own morbid jealousy—we took care to write to trustworthy persons at Cambridge for the best information to be obtained about the matter. Acting upon the information thus obtained (information, we should add, entitled to the very highest credit), we wrote the observations now complained of by Mr. LUND. This gentleman, however, openly states that it was himself, and not the Syndics of the Press, that caused the change of printer; and nothing more can possibly be said upon that head.

As for the question, how far the imprint of the University Press would be likely to give such a document "a sort of semi-official character," Mr. LUND forgets that a controversial pamphlet, making a very harsh attack upon a fellow-member of the same University, is a very different matter from a scientific treatise or a school-book. The latter description of book could not possibly acquire an official character; and yet it might possibly strike some persons, that to send forth to the world such an attack as that which Mr. LUND levelled against Mr. TODHUNTER, with the imprint of the University Press, might be construed (mistakenly of course) as a species of sanction by the governing body of the University.

CHARLES-FORBES COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT

WAS BORN in London, on the 10th of March 1810. His father, MARC-RENÉ-AIMÉ-MARIE DE MONTALEMBERT, was Colonel under Louis XVIII., formerly Minister of France at Stuttgart, Peer of France, and Ambassador for Charles X. at Stockholm. Genealogists bear witness that the family of DE MONTALEMBERT was among the oldest and most distinguished in Poitou, and historians make mention of one ANDRÉ MONTALEMBERT, Lord of Essé, who was a great Captain under Louis XII. and François I. The mother was a Scotchwoman, named FORBES; but, as the biographers of her son are silent upon the subject, we are left to conjecture the status of her family. She herself is described as an excellent and very able woman.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT received his early education in this country and at Stockholm, his father then being Ambassador at that Court; but he was subsequently a student at the University of Paris. He was scarcely twenty-one years old when his liberal-Catholic principles manifested themselves, and he attached himself to LAMENNAIS, the apostle of that school. It was at this time that the famous organ of that party, *L'Avenir*, made its appearance and M. DE MONTALEMBERT was among its most prominent writers. In April 1831 he, in conjunction with M. M. DE COUX and LAMENNAIS, commenced a sort of crusade against the University, and opened in the Rue des Beaux Arts what they called a *Free School (Ecole Libre)* for poor children. Twenty children attended; but this brought them within the grasp of the Correctional Police, and M. DE MONTALEMBERT, when scarcely of age, first tasted the fruits of martyrdom. Certainly they were not very bitter. During the process, the death of his father made him Peer of France, and M. DE MONTALEMBERT, solemnly claiming to be tried by his peers, was condemned by them to payment of a fine of one hundred francs. His appearance upon this occasion, when he made an eloquent speech in favour of Free Schools, may be regarded as his *début* in public life.

About the same time, too, it fared badly with his friend LAMENNAIS. GREGORY XVI., appreciating the danger of having too zealous friends, strongly condemned the doctrines of *L'Avenir*. The disgrace of the master brought about the repentance of the pupil, for DE MONTALEMBERT became at once converted to the most edifying orthodoxy, and gave himself up to a severe course of study of the Middle Ages. One of the results of this was the appearance of his first, and perhaps most famous work, "The Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary," which was published in 1836. After this M. DE MONTALEMBERT took a prominent part in the proceedings of the House of Peers. In 1843 he married Mlle. DE MERODE, the daughter of the Belgian Minister.

It would be difficult, and scarcely interesting, to trace the political career of M. DE MONTALEMBERT in all its changes. The general bent of his principles was always towards religious and political radicalism. Thus we find him openly undertaking the defence of the Society of Jesus; again he stands forth as the advocate of Poland; and on the 10th of February 1848 he caused a mass to be performed to the memory of DANIEL O'CONNELL.

After the Revolution of 1848 (which he was one of the first to foresee) he became a member of the National Assembly as one of the representatives for the Department of the Doubs, where his family had great possessions. In this capacity he voted against the admission of LOUIS NAPOLEON; but before the end of the first session he supported the law for the restriction of the press, proposed by M. DUBAURE. There is perhaps something of poetical justice in the fact that it was under this very law that his late condemnation came about.

At the next session of the Legislative Assembly he again appeared as the representative of the Department of the Doubs, and also of that of the Côtes-du-Nord. During this session he vehemently opposed, and was opposed by, M. VICTOR HUGO—a natural antagonism separating these men, whose opinions and dispositions were as wide apart as the poles.

When the *Coup d'état* was effected M. DE MONTALEMBERT protested against the imprisonment of the Deputies, but afterwards acquiesced, on being made a member of the *Commission Consultative*. Since that, however, M. DE MONTALEMBERT's part has been in opposition to the Imperial Government. In 1852 he was again elected to the Corps Législatif by the Department of the Doubs. In 1854, a private letter, written by him to M. DUPIN, and published against his will in the Belgian journals, caused the Assembly to authorise proceedings against him, which, however, were without result. In 1857, having been vanquished by the Government candidate, M. DE MONTALEMBERT lost his seat in the Corps Législatif, and from that time up to the appearance of his celebrated article in *Le Correspondant*, he may be said to have retired from public life. M. DE MONTALEMBERT was made an Academician in 1852.

Although a very voluminous writer, it is certain that M. DE MONTALEMBERT's fame is more as an orator than as a writer. The justice of this has been questioned; for those who have studied him most deeply avow that he is more of a writer than an orator. At the outset of his career he used to read his speeches; afterwards he learnt them by heart; and even now he cannot speak without very copious notes.

From what we have said, the reader will gather that not only is there much to admire, but much to condemn, in the character of this remarkable man. However brilliant his qualities may be, consistency

is not to be numbered among them, nor has he ever taken that high stand upon principle, without which no man can claim the crown of political martyrdom. Summing up his character, with great analytical precision, at a time when M. DE MONTALEMBERT seemed to have retired for ever into the shadow of private life, M. HIPPOLYTE CASTILLE wrote of him: "I know not whether the Second Empire will make as many ingrates as the Second Republic did; but how many men of to-day, now celebrated and powerful, owe their elevation to that facility of exhibiting themselves in the tribune, in journalism, and in official places, which they have enjoyed from 1848 to 1852! M. DE MONTALEMBERT has already twice or thrice proved ungrateful. One could say that, according to the expression of M. DE SCHWARZENBERG, he wishes to astonish the world by the excess of his ingratitude." Perhaps we may not, like this writer, condemn M. DE MONTALEMBERT for turning against the Second Empire, so much as for having ever supported it; but, be that as it may, these words prove a very remarkable insight into character.

The following is a list of the works which have been published by M. DE MONTALEMBERT:

1. *Vie de Sainte-Elizabeth de Hongrie, Duchesse de Thuringe*. 1836. A fifth edition appeared of this in 1849.
2. *Du Catholicisme et du Vandalisme dans l'Art*. 1839.
3. *Du Devoir des Catholiques dans la question de la liberté d'enseignement*. 1844.
4. *Trois Discours prononcés à la Chambre des Pairs*. 1844.
5. *Saint-Anselme; fragment de l'introduction à l'histoire de Saint-Bernard*. 1844.
6. *Quelques Conseils aux Catholiques sur la direction à donner à la polémique actuelle, et sur quelques dangers à éviter*. 1849.
7. *Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIX^e Siècle*. 1852.
8. *Pie IX. et Lord Palmerstone*. 1856. This originally appeared as an article in *Le Correspondant*.

Besides these, M. DE MONTALEMBERT has written many valuable essays and articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *Le Correspondant*, and the *Encyclopédie Catholique*.

MONTALEMBERT ON THE INDIAN DEBATE.

FOR TEN YEARS France has been descending lower and lower into the depths of infamy. The French are a gallant rather than a noble people. At no period of their history have they displayed those stupendous and colossal qualities which distinguished the Romans, which distinguish the English. They are born to be slaves, for the simple reason that they have no self-relying, self-respecting manhood. Their power as a nation has always been in the insignificance of the individual. France has been formidable as any conglomeration of pigmies would be formidable, that intensifies itself the more into a mass the more each pigmy shrinks in terror from its own preposterous and painful exiguity. What is most honoured in England? The plain and honest citizen who has the courage to be faithful to his convictions, through calumny, through peril, through loss, through the worst that can befall. France, alas! has no such citizens. All reform in England has been the utterance and the vindication of individuality. Reform must incarnate itself in a person before the English can understand it or combat for it. The love of the English for the concrete takes its origin in the confidence which each Englishman has in his own stout fist and strong breast. English pride and English conservatism are identical. Panoplied with the most stalwart faculties, and exulting in his vigour, the Englishman places his hand of protecting majesty upon institutions, because they are as much realities as himself. The only thing we could wish for the Englishman is, that he should be somewhat more of an idealist; and an idealist perhaps he will ultimately become. But this desirable and beautiful transfiguration will leave him with all his grand essential attributes. It is indispensable to consider what the Englishman is, and what the Frenchman is, lest we should be misled by M. Montalembert's rhetoric.

We feel somewhat humiliated by the attention which his pamphlet has excited. It is a magnificent feat of journalistic gladiatorship—nothing more. M. Montalembert is spoken of as a Jesuit; but he is far more of an attitudiniser than a Jesuit. If he were a sincere and fervent patriot, he could find less noisy and ostentatious modes of manifesting his patriotism than by a production like this. But, like thousands of brilliant Frenchmen before him, M. Montalembert would march undaunted to the death to gratify his vanity, yet would carefully shun martyrdom, if martyrdom were demanded for his country. We have been assured by a gentleman who has devoted much time to foreign politics, that M. Montalembert, during the reign of Louis-Philippe, was the systematic and virulent reviler of England. Whence the sudden conversion? There has been no conversion: M. de Montalembert is merely attitudinising now as he attitudinised before, as he will attitudinise to the end. When he gave his support to Louis Napoleon's usurpation, he expected that the usurper would soon be overthrown, or that he would be unboundedly grateful for M. Montalembert's adhesion. In the former case the Count would have been the foremost actor in some new restoration; in the latter he would have contrived to be the principal personage in the state next to Louis Napoleon himself. We have never rated Louis Napoleon's talents highly; but of course he is more than a match for a phrasemonger like



Le Comte de Montalembert

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M. de Montalembert. The throne of the Cagliostro of the Tuileries reels; yet it is not to be shattered to pieces by declamation or by epigram. Our author then has been grievously deceived: the gigantic charlatanism has still its merciless foot on the panting bosom of France; and the spinner of clever phrases is reduced to the sad necessity of spinning more phrases to keep himself from being forgotten. Let no earnest soul believe that these fresh phrases have burst from an earnest soul. They are glittering claptraps, obstreperous theatricalities.

All real Frenchmen hate England, and Montalembert, though he has some English blood in his veins, is not an exception. If he praises England, it is because there are things that he hates still more than England. Girding herself in conscious greatness for labour and for combat, England should reject all homage from lips so hypocritical. We want no Frenchman's flattery. The best way in which France and Frenchmen can flatter England is by imitating the virtues which have made England mightier than Rome. She must cast away her sins, and arm herself with those chastities and perform those renuncements which so often render the English home a paradise of peace and a temple of God. England is the freest of countries; yet it is not through freedom mainly that England has attained her lofty and glorious position. She has attained it through the miraculous energy of the English race, through the purity of the English home, and through her intensely Protestant character. It is worthy only of a schoolboy to babble about liberty. Every great people knows that it is substantially and divinely free no further than it has assumed the spirit and the habits of voluntary obedience. Freedom is valuable never but when we have surrendered more freedom than we retain. This the English discovered long ago—this the rest of Europe, except perhaps Switzerland, has still to discover. Before we allow M. de Montalembert to discourse to us so glibly about freedom, we should ask him whether he has ever taken the trouble to study the moral aspects of freedom. Freedom to him is entirely represented by a parliamentary debate and by an unfettered press. There are no longer parliamentary debates in France, there is no longer an unfettered press; therefore France is not free! We tell him that the difference between France and England as regards freedom is a moral difference. Let the family exist in France as it exists in England—the family with its innocence, its love, its self-control, and its self-sacrifice—the family as a fountain of nobleness and valour—and then, but not before, will France be free.

How absurd also that Montalembert should write about freedom. What can the abject slave of an exhausted superstition know about freedom, or freedom's blessing? In England we are consistently free, or at least we strive to be so. We are strong; we claim scope for our own individuality and for that of others; and therefore we are the freest of men. We have created that commonwealth within the commonwealth, the family, and laid on our docile neck the holy burden and the holy bondage of duties which the family implies; and therefore are we the freest of men. And as the humble adorers of God, we have bowed down to the Invisible, unhindered, unawed by the Jesuitical instruments of the leprous imposture Popery. The freedom which curses despots and despotism, which is always dancing and howling in a revolutionary fever, yet which, when worn out by this fever, falls down and kisses the Pope's toe, we do not sympathise with, and do not profess to understand. M. de Montalembert must embrace freedom in its widest comprehensiveness, in its most stringent consistency, and in its most fruitful plenitude of consequences. No exclusively Popish country or Popish population can be free, or can form a distinct, broad, or elevated conception of liberty. If freedom is not enjoyed in the grandest of concerns, religion, how can it be appreciated or prevail in the infinitely lesser concern, politics? What Catholicism was before the Reformation, what Popery has been since the Reformation, are two things which should invariably be separated. Catholicism before the Reformation had been a stupendous and beneficent fact in the world for long centuries, and deserves therefore our calmest and most philosophical study. What Popery has been since the Reformation does not need the philosopher to estimate, but the prophet to denounce. That Montalembert should try to resuscitate this dying charlatanism, proves that he is himself a charlatan. He pictures Popery now as if it were the same splendour and potency which Catholicism was six or seven hundred years ago. We speak without prejudice, and we have no wish to echo the talk of Dr. Cumming and persons of the same stamp; but we defy M. Montalembert to indicate a single instance in which the rejection of Protestantism was not most tragically disastrous to a kingdom. We take this matter up with no polemical intention. It is extreme folly in Protestants to refute Popery. Fairly judged and solemnly condemned, why should Popery be dragged forward by Protestants to a new trial? We often see lectures, and sermons, and books and tracts on Popery announced, especially in Scotland, just as if Luther and Calvin and Knox, and a multitude more, had never lived. Luther and the rest effectually slew the monster. If from the monster's hideous decay hideous things crawl forth, let us smite them if we think it worth while; but let us not go through the clumsy farce of reasoning with them.

As we have shown, the main object of this pamphlet is that the attitudiniser, M. Montalembert, may be saved from oblivion—a subordinate object being that the rage of France may be roused against Louis Napoleon. But Montalembert is not a son of Loyola for nothing. Aware of the facility with which the

English can be humbugged, he cunningly blends praise of Popery with praise of England. The English are to be persuaded that, great and free as they are now, they would be much greater and freer if they would repent of their apostasy and worship Pius the Ninth as the vicar of Christ. The adulation the English will accept—they would swallow much more; but few of them will be ensnared by Montalembert's sophistries. England is Protestant in its deepest, richest, most inalienable being; and Protestant England will remain. But, proud of and strong in its Protestantism, England could be the teacher instead of the taught. England could tell France that, if France has had revolution on revolution and sorrow on sorrow, and always resultlessly, it is because it refused to turn Protestant at the same time as England; and that, if ever France is to be rendered fit for political freedom, it must be through some vast moral and religious transformation equivalent to Protestantism. If France is incapable of any such transformation, then France must go headlong to destruction. M. Montalembert asserts that no dangers threaten England from within, but that many threaten her from abroad. We are not very seriously alarmed about those dangers from abroad: they are a good deal in the author's fancy. But this we can justly aver, that, whether dangers from abroad threaten France or not, many threaten her from within. The French peasants are densely ignorant, grossly superstitious. To escape from ignorance and superstition in France is to enter a region of scepticism, of blasphemy, of insatiate cupidity, of foulest licentiousness, of every vice, of every crime. Instead of declaiming and attitudinising, M. Montalembert, would it not be well if you threw aside the orator and the pamphleteer for a season, and gave your countrymen a few hints on the subject of human duty? One way or another, we awkward English contrive to manage our affairs with tolerable success. But you clever French folks are continually getting into a mess. Though the best geometers in the world, you have not the most commonplace acquaintance with straight lines; though the wittiest people in the world, at least so you say, you have exceedingly little sense; though the illuminators of all the world, you allow darkness, thick darkness, to reign throughout the length and breadth of France. There is no excellence which the French do not most profusely ascribe to themselves. France is beautiful France, and the French are the grand nation: to which, of course, we should not object if the French did not keep mankind in perpetual discomfort and disquietude.

Since the last French Revolution the English have not understood, and have not taken much trouble to understand, French politics. Whatever government France may be fit for, or whether it be fit for any government, it is certain that the small Republican party which Cavaignac represented was the only honest, upright, and patriotic party in France. The rejection of Cavaignac by France was not the rejection of the Republic; it was the rejection of that righteousness which exalteth a nation. And when Cavaignac died France lost its most virtuous citizen. How different was the conduct of Cavaignac from that of Montalembert! When Cavaignac saw that France preferred to himself a man who had passed his life between conspiracy and debauch, he retired with a noble dignity. If from that moment till the grave closed over him he energetically protested, his protest was in favour, not of republican theories which had been condemned by a nation's voice, but in favour of moral principles which had been violated by a nation's selfishness. Let us feel in England the full import of the momentous difference. The apologists of Louis Napoleon incessantly assert that he saved social and political order in France. At the expense of what? At the expense of that moral order which is the order of God. Now, can a social and political order which is gained by the sacrifice of moral order be lasting? Ought it to be lasting? Any one who, from a fanatical attachment to a particular form of government, strives to overthrow political institutions which have received the general approval, is as foolish as he is criminal. But against everything in politics which is a flagrant iniquity or a flagrant abomination we are bound to lift up our valiant testimony, whatever our political creed or political predilections may be. This was what Cavaignac and his fellows did, not because they were Republicans, but because they were disinterested citizens who had consecrated their hearts to the worship of eternal right. We in England, enchanted and enervated by the cup of an ignominious peace, have been pretending to believe, for we cannot really believe, that it is possible to build a stable government on the ruins of eternal right and eternal justice. Hence our support of Louis Napoleon; hence the degrading, polluting, detestable French alliance. Faintly and slowly rousing ourselves to the shame of the French alliance, we think we cover the shame and atone for the guilt by applauding productions like this of M. de Montalembert. Far wiser, far grander, if we showed the French that, while we left them to fashion their political chaos into a political cosmos, our friendship could only be won by true heroism, by true martyrdom, by divinest moral qualities. And let Montalembert, if he wishes to secure our profound and abiding esteem, imitate the modesty, the dignity, the devotedness of Cavaignac, instead of by marvels of literary legerdemain furnishing the English newspapers with materials for leading articles. If any of our readers want to study rhetoric, let them by all means read this pamphlet. It is not eloquent, either in the Demosthenic or in the prophetic sense; but it is gorgeously rhetorical. ATTICUS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

JAMES WATT.

The Life of James Watt, with Selections from his Correspondence. By JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M.A., Author of "The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of Watt," "Correspondence on the Discovery of the Composition of Water," &c. London: John Murray.

WE THINK it is Voltaire who says that a biography is too frequently a panegyric or a satire, it being so often undertaken as a duty by a friend, or as a revenge by an enemy. On another occasion, we are told by the same author that, to be thoroughly impartial, a historian ought to be without a religion or a country. In milder imitation of these somewhat extreme critical canons, perhaps we may be allowed to suggest that the writer of a biography, to be beyond suspicion of partiality, ought not to be within the pale of relationship, or even friendship, with his hero. The author of the book before us, however, professes himself to be "a kinsman (clansman it might have been) of the illustrious engineer—long the intimate friend, and now one of the executors, of his son—and the son-in-law of the late Mr. Boulton," Watt's partner.

Though a connection of this character is not without its advantages in respect to supplying the materials for a biography, yet it is scarcely the highest recommendation as regards its author. In the present case, where several warmly-disputed points of much interest to the history of science are involved, we think that another pen than Mr. Muirhead's would have performed the duty better, or, at all events, more satisfactorily. Nor was there the excuse of indisposition in any quarter to do justice to the merits of his great relative. As was to be expected, the book before us is, almost confessedly, a panegyric on Watt from the beginning to the end. In it, he is made to stand "at the head of all inventors, in all ages and nations;" and, if not superior, he is at least equal to Newton. We suspect however, that independently of Watt's discoveries in relation to the steam engine, a leading purpose of this book is to maintain anew his more than doubtful claims, as against Cavendish, to the chemical discovery of the composition of water, which, it is hardly necessary to say, is one of the most important of the last century. Though on the present occasion there is little if anything added to the facts already known on this subject, yet had they been put with less of bitterness we should have passed them over without much comment. As it is, the manner in which the arguments in favour of Watt are brought forward by our author involves not only the scientific fame but the personal character of Cavendish, who, while giving the pretensions so pertinaciously advanced by the friends of Watt full credit, must ever be looked on as the true author of the discovery in question. We have always estimated the discoveries and character of the great improver of the steam-engine much too highly to feel it necessary to laud him above his merits, or decorate him with doubtful honours. At the same time we are bound to say that in this inordinate laudation of his relative Mr. Muirhead does not stand altogether alone. Beyond most great inventors, it has certainly not been the misfortune of Watt to be in any respect underrated by his contemporaries, or to have had the title to his posthumous honours undebated, even where doubtful.

In the course of these controversies, it is not a little remarkable that on all occasions this ardent admiration of Watt has been especially manifested by the literary magnates of that portion of our island who rejoice in claiming him as their countryman. In the ranks of those who have stoutly fought his battle, as against the claims of the English philosopher, are to be found the names of Lords Jeffrey and Brougham, Sir David Brewster, and Sir James Macintosh, with several of their compatriots of smaller name, though with no lack of ardour or ingenuity. Though this characteristic zeal for the honour of their countrymen sometimes carries our "cannie" friends of the North too far, yet we regret to say, on the other hand, that the proverbial want of it among ourselves is perhaps even more to be regretted. Unfortunately, the greatness of an Englishman in any department of science must be long and fully acknowledged by all the world before it receives a popular response at home. Hence his honours, when they do come, are posthumous, and even then long protracted. Though Newton has been dead above a century and a quarter, and in the long interval his name has continued to maintain the highest place, in the highest walk of science, yet it was only the other day that a monument was put up to him in his native town. On looking to the North however, we find a like honour was paid to Watt, we believe, even before his death—to say nothing of the monuments erected since, in Glasgow and other places, and which we are far from grudging. There need be no doubt that intellectual greatness meets with a warmer appreciation in the northern than it does at our end of the island. Is it that possessing the commodity so abundantly, we value it cheaply; or does our indifference arise from some indefinitely magnanimous desire of exhibiting to the world how much we are capable of soaring over petty prejudgments in favour of our own? Notwithstanding what Addison has taught long ago, about the most amiable of prejudices being those which arise out of over-anxiety to honour

the great of one's own country, since his time we can remember few who have run any risk of being spoiled with too early laudation. But to return to our task and Mr. Muirhead. Feeling, like the needy knife-grinder, that the even tenor of his subject afforded him little or "no story to tell," to compensate for its lack of incident his readers are not only afforded some insight as to the paternal ancestry of his hero proper, but he volunteers a good deal of curious information regarding that branch of the family peculiarly his own. It appears that the Muirheads were settled in "Clydesdale time immemorial, and certainly before the reign of David the First of Scotland, anno 1122, and were a distinct people by themselves, who never acknowledged any superior, but were *liberi tenentes Regis et Coronæ*, and have always been great soldiers and warriors." To use an appropriate Scottishism, our author does not "condescend" the difference between a soldier and a warrior, but continues to tell us that his own proper clan gave a Bishop to Glasgow in 1454 and an ambassador to Copenhagen, in one and the same person. Again, that in 1494 the same distinguished family supplied the realm of Scotland with a Lord "Clerk Register, Judge, and Secretary of State." After this, it is surely not hazarding too much to opine, that among the distinguished men of this name, some future Muirhead "o' that ilk," may have to enumerate among his ancestry a distinguished biographer and warm partisan of the family honours, who flourished in the reign of the good Victoria. But the greatest though the saddest of the past recollections of the Muirheads is, looking from the other side of the Tweed, the disastrous field of Flodden, where, as the ballad has it, "the English for apace, by guile, wan the day." The feats performed by the family platoon on this occasion have been embalmed, it appears, by some ancient bard in a ballad of broad Scotch, entitled "The Laird of Muirhead," five stanzas of which, in honour of the deeds in arms of this northern Ajax and his men, "Wi' that same twa-hand muckle sword," are given in the text of the life of our great engineer. Though this volume contains nearly 600 closely-printed pages, yet the comparatively unchequered story of the life of Watt himself might have been far more simply and briefly told. Our author has encumbered his few facts with unnecessary verbosity; moreover, he not seldom indulges in a somewhat inappropriate dignity of style, but little suited to the objects of the book. Frequently, as if suddenly becoming impressed with the dignity of his subject, his periods are terminated with Gibbonian substantives, as if recording the progress of an empire, and not the career of a simple-minded mechanical philosopher. Nor is he more appropriate or happy where he indulges in flights of another character. For example, in speaking of the effect produced by the arrival of a troop of strollers at the native village of Watt's Puritanic grandfather, they are characterized by our author as "the greatest eruption of the volcano of vice which then threatened to overwhelm Carsdyke with its torrent of moral lava." We do not gather, however, that Mr. Muirhead himself joins in this figurative denunciation of the itinerant Thespians; but we only cite the passage as an example of his manner of recording the effect produced by the event.

The facts contained in this book are spread over so much space, that their interest is not only weakened, but we, for the same reason, are precluded from satisfying our readers as to its contents by the usual citation of passages from the text. We must therefore content ourselves with a brief *résumé* of the life of this, perhaps the greatest, and certainly the most philosophical, of British engineers. With the exception of Wellington in his walk, to no single man was this country so much indebted during the last great continental war as to James Watt. The one conferred on us unparalleled resources unheard of before, whilst the other wielded them with equally unparalleled ability. In that great struggle, without the one, the labours of the other would have been thrown away; and here, perhaps, the comparison ends, unless, indeed, that the boyhood and youth of both present but few salient points to the biographer to afford him opportunity of amusing his readers. Both were sedate common-sense boys above their years, and neither, we believe, had a spark of poetry in their veins. Hence no record exists of escapades or "hair-breadth 'scapes" sufficient to furnish even a strikingly characteristic anecdote.

James Watt, the son of a small but respectable ship chandler, was born at Greenock in 1736. Like other small tradesmen in a small town, the elder Watt carried on more than one business under the same roof. In the way of what seems to have been his principal trade, he supplied the few vessels that frequented the port with their nautical instruments. This circumstance without doubt led his ingenious and quiet son to study their principles and use, and ultimately to adopt their construction as the future business of his life. How far his proficiency extended while under his father's roof we are hardly informed. In the hope, however, of improving himself in the calling he had thus chosen, in 1754, being then over eighteen, he proceeded from his native town to Glasgow, and there soon met with a friend in Dr. Dick, then professor of natural philosophy at the University. To this gentleman the young Watt soon made himself useful, in assisting to keep the class apparatus in repair.

After remaining for about twelve months, he became satisfied that

Glasgow afforded him a slender chance of acquiring that competent knowledge of his trade he so much desired; so, with the advice of his friends, like many other enterprising young Scotchmen before and since, he proceeded to the metropolis, to seek the means of improvement he could hardly acquire at home. Being then close on twenty, he obtained an engagement in London as an "improver," having too little experience to gain employment as a journeyman, yet too old to become a regular apprentice. In August 1756, at the termination of his engagement, which had lasted some fourteen months, Watt returned to Glasgow, where no doubt he entertained hopes from his former connection with the University. We may remark here, that his short stay in London was attended with no event worthy of record that we can gather. Judging from the young man's character, however, there can be no doubt that he was sober and industrious, and lost no opportunity of making the most of his time. In a letter to his father, written during his stay, he states that he seldom went out in the evenings, assigning as a reason that there was a pretty "hot press" going on for seamen at the period. The remote chance in which young Watt thus stood of impressment during his brief sojourn here, slight as it evidently was, is figuratively referred to by Mr. Muirhead as the "sword of Damocles" that hung over the future improver of the steam-engine; though, from the steady cautious habits of the young Scotchman, with due submission to his biographer, we think the said sword must have been suspended by a tolerably stout cord, and threatened but little chance of consigning him, "without hope of rescue, to the embraces of the press-gang."

Luckily, on Watt's return to Glasgow, a collection of philosophical instruments had arrived from Jamaica, which had been bequeathed to the University by one of its former students long resident in that island. Watt's former friend, Dr. Dick, under whose charge the instruments would naturally fall, became desirous that the young instrument-maker, improved as he must be by his recent sojourn in the metropolis, should be retained to clean and put the collection in repair. Accordingly we find, in a University minute of a meeting of the 26th of October 1756, that, as "several of the instruments from Jamaica having suffered by the sea air, especially those made of iron, Mr. Watt, who is well skilled in the cleaning and preserving of them, being accidentally in town, Mr. Moore and Dr. Dick are appointed to desire him to stay some time in town to clean them, and put them in the best order for preserving them from being spoiled." Accordingly, the instruments were cleaned by Watt without removing them from the University, for which he was paid five pounds—being, says Mr. Muirhead, "in all probability the first money he had earned on his own account since the termination of his brief apprenticeship."

Young as he was, Watt soon became desirous to start in business in Glasgow on his own account; but, not being a burgess of the town, nor having served a regular apprenticeship, he found it impossible to do so within the limits of the borough. It appears, however, that at first he ventured on a solitary workshop only, but which in a few months he was compelled to abandon, as being in defiance of the "craft regulation" by which the trading interests of the town were then governed.

Fortunately, at this juncture, he was not deserted by his former friend in the University, Dr. Dick. This benevolent gentleman soon after obtained permission for the steady young instrument-maker, whom he had already found so handy, to occupy an apartment and open a shop within the precincts of the University itself. But, in addition to all, and no doubt mainly to cover him from the opposition of the "trades," he was permitted to designate himself as "mathematical instrument maker to the University," though not confined to its walls for his customers. Thus Watt became easily established in the University in a small way of business, and remained so for several years.

In this circumstance we discern the culminating point in the career of the future improver of the steam engine. Out of it, at no distant date, was destined to arise the first, and by far the greatest, application to practice of the doctrine of latent heat, promulgated for the first time from the chemical chair of the University, of which Watt could hardly be considered an inattentive inmate, by its discoverer, Dr. Black, about the close of the same year. In his zeal for his kinsman, Mr. Muirhead would have us quietly ignore this obvious connection between cause and effect, by telling us that Watt did not attend these lectures. In all probability, however, he did more than merely attend them; for he must have seen them rehearsed, as Black writes that he became acquainted with Watt *the same year*, and, moreover, in the same letter, that he had "soon occasion to employ him to make some things which I needed for my experiments, and found him to be a young man possessing most uncommon talents for mechanical knowledge and practice, with an originality, readiness, and copiousness of invention which often surprised and delighted me in our frequent conversations together."

No doubt, like all men of Black's rare genius, he was delighted to find a young mechanic so fully capable of understanding his novel views, and of assisting him to carry them into actual demonstration before his class. Doubtless Watt's skill and suggestiveness as a constructor of apparatus lightened the Doctor's labours, entailed by the necessity of adapting old or constructing fresh instruments for the illustration of his new discovery. To say, therefore, that Watt owed nothing of his signal improvement of the steam engine to being thus early inducted at the very fountain-head into the scientific principles by which it was governed, is just idle. Nor, after all, do we think our

author pays his kinsman any compliment by requiring us to believe that his acute and reflective mind could have ignored, or have suffered a physical doctrine so beautiful in itself, and so prolific in its consequences, to have escaped him; or to have lain latent in his mind, especially when the principles it involved were those above all others necessary to be taken into account in his practical discovery. Indeed, Watt was much too cautious to give any idea a fixed place in his mind without feeling that he had a sound scientific basis on which he might rest it securely; and, indeed, during his whole career this was the leading characteristic of his mind.

It is plain Mr. Muirhead is of opinion that to connect Watt's improvement of the steam engine in any way with the discovery of Black, is necessarily a detraction from the merit he is so desirous of heaping on his relative. In fact, he tells us that the two discoveries have no necessary connection. But let us see how far he is borne out. It is admitted that Watt's object in seeking to improve the steam engine was to economise fuel. But had he been unacquainted with the leading fact arising out of Dr. Black's discovery, that one cubic inch of water formed 1728 cubic inches of steam, and that on condensing this quantity of steam six cubic inches of water were raised to the boiling point—on what principle, we ask, could he have calculated on the fixed economy that he set out to obtain? Surely Watt was not the man to go on blundering in the dark. At the same time, we by no means intend to assert that, as soon as he became acquainted with Black's discovery, he set about, or even thought of, his own improvement; but we do mean to say that it was morally impossible, in subsequently calculating his means of success, that he could have left out of view the important knowledge he had previously acquired of the only scientific principles on which it was founded. But if Watt had discovered the above fact, he, and not Black, would have been the discoverer of latent heat, for it includes the whole principle. Let us cite, however, Dr. Black himself on the same subject: "I have the pleasure of thinking," says he in his printed lectures, "that the knowledge we have acquired concerning the nature of elastic vapour, in consequence of my fortunate observation (*i.e.* his discovery of latent heat) of what happens in its formation and condensation, has contributed in no inconsiderable degree to the public good, by suggesting to my friend, Mr. Watt of Birmingham, then of Glasgow, the improvement of this useful engine." Surely this ought to outweigh Mr. Muirhead. In addition to this, it will be evident from the following passage that Sir David Brewster, one of Watt's warmest admirers, is of the same opinion. In the article "Black," in his *Encyclopædia*, vol. iii., speaking of the discovery of latent heat, he says: "A discovery that constitutes the foundation of the whole doctrine of heat as at present taught by chemists, and which has been attended with more beneficial effects to the world than any other discovery made during the eighteenth century; since it occasioned the improvements in the steam engine by Mr. Watt, an instrument that has operated a complete change in our manufactures." After this it would seem unnecessary to say more; nor should we have said as much as we have, had it not been that, in after life, Watt himself ignored the early obligations he was under to this signal discovery. His own merits as an inventor and a mechanical philosopher are so great, that his fame would have suffered no diminution by reason of this admission. The circumstance has been mainly referred to by us to illustrate the inseparable connection that must ever exist between abstract physical truth on the one hand, and its practical application on the other.

THE LOGIC OF BANKING.

The Logic of Banking: a Familiar Exposition of the Principles of Reasoning and their Application to the Art and Science of Banking. By J. W. GILBART. London: Longman and Co.

MR. GILBART'S explanation of the manner in which a great part of this work has been compiled is a curious confession of book-manufacture. He is the author, as our readers are probably aware, of some useful treatises on the practice of Banking; and he has also published a work of more doubtful utility called "Logic for the Million." To "make a third," he appears to have simply resolved to "join the former two." On the plea of being anxious to indicate that his writings on Banking are in accordance with the principles of Logic, and that his writings on Logic are adapted to the business of Banking, he has merely cut up some copies of his former works, and sent the pieces to the printer to be made into a new book. "The large type (he says) is for the most part a transcript from the work on Logic, and the extracts in small type are from my works on Banking." The result, as might be expected, is a book which has no coherence—which is not a treatise on Logic, or a work on Banking, or in fact anything else but a fragmentary discourse on the virtues and abilities of Mr. Gilbert, and a puff direct and indirect of the great banking establishment with which he is connected.

We think it fair to warn the reader, at this point, that Mr. Gilbert has by implication already pronounced us to be unlikely to write a "good review" of his work. This is the way he disposes of our critical claims, on the contemptuous pretext of merely giving a random example of "What in scholastic logic is called a *Sorites*."

No one can write a good review of a book on banking without reading the book carefully through. To read a book on banking carefully through would take up a great deal of time. If a reviewer spent a great deal of time in reviewing a book, he would expect a high price for his review. No editor of a public review can afford

to give a high price for the review of a book on banking. Therefore no good review of a book on banking is likely to appear in any of our public reviews.

There are of course no such things as *private* reviews, Mr. Gilbert's *sortes* therefore concludes with the assertion, that no "good review" of a work on banking is likely to appear anywhere. We may thus console ourselves with the reflection that we are at least in no worse plight than our critical brethren. As to the correctness of the various propositions of Mr. Gilbert's argument, we are willing to concede, that to read his book through "would take up a great deal of time," and that a reviewer who had done so might reasonably expect "a high price" for his labour. How far we have done our duty in this respect we must leave our readers to judge.

The first half of Mr. Gilbert's work professes to be simply a treatise on Logic, the subject of Banking furnishing all the illustrations and examples. "Logic," the author properly observes, "has no province of its own. If you reason at all you must reason about something, and that something may belong to any one of the arts or sciences." The reader may here naturally ask, "Why then connect it with Banking?" But he cannot possibly read far without imagining a reason. When he finds how readily the "attributes" of an object may be illustrated by the "attributes of the London and Westminster Bank"—how a "principle of reasoning" may be easily developed by the insertion of a whole prospectus of that establishment—how conveniently a fallacy may be exemplified by the mistake of inferring from the definite article in the title of "*The London Joint-Stock Bank*," that that institution "is the only joint-stock bank in London, or that it was the first established in the order of time"—he will probably be getting on the right scent. He will no doubt feel still more sure of his track when he finds such strings of propositions as the following, carefully scattered about the book as mere examples of syllogism, &c.

1. A bank that has a large amount of deposits must stand high in public estimation.
2. The London and Westminster Bank has a large amount of deposits.
3. Therefore the London and Westminster Bank must stand high in public estimation.

Upon this, like a logical Polonius, the author thus proceeds:—

These two propositions, the *major* and the *minor*, have not derived these titles from the circumstance of one being placed first and the other second, but from quite a different cause. In a syllogism there are three terms as well as three propositions. These terms are called the *major*, the *minor*, and the *middle* term. The *major* term is the predicate of the conclusion—thus, in the above syllogism, "must stand high in public estimation," though it is composed of several words, is called the *major* term. The *minor* term is the subject of the conclusion—thus, the "London and Westminster Bank," in the above syllogism, is the *minor* term, and "has a large amount of deposits" is the *middle* term. The *middle* term is called the *argument*, and is the term which is introduced to prove the connexion between the two terms of the conclusion. The *middle* term appears in both the first two propositions, but does not appear in the last. The *major* proposition is that in which the *major* term is united with the *middle* term. The *minor* proposition unites the *minor* term and the *middle*. In the above syllogism the *middle* term is in italics. The *major* and *minor* propositions are always presumed to be true; and the object of the syllogism is to show more clearly that the conclusion is legitimately deduced from these two propositions. When the conclusion is thus placed last, the first two propositions are called *premises*, and the conclusion is called an *inference*, or a *deduction*. When in our reasonings we place the conclusion first, it is called a *proposition* to be proved, and the *minor* term becomes the *argument*. The above syllogism may be changed thus: The London and Westminster Bank stands high in public estimation. How do you prove this? It is proved by the large amount of its deposits.

We would gladly say that the full extent of Mr. Gilbert's offending is but a little too much zeal for the interests of the shareholders of the Bank, of whom he is, we believe, a faithful and valuable servant; but unfortunately the egotism and personal vanity of the author are still more obtrusive features in his work. How many times the name of "J. W. Gilbert, Esq., F.R.S.," is to be found in his pages we have not leisure to count. Under the head of "Final Cause and Effect applied to Banking," he thinks it necessary to print a correspondence between himself and Messrs. Blunt, Roy, and Co., five-and-twenty years ago, when that firm, it appears, invited him "to become the General Manager of the London and Westminster Bank;" from which we can gather nothing but that he considered himself, at that period, to be "much respected," and like a prudent man refused to leave a good "situation," unless the change proposed were "considerably to his advantage." The purely scientific question of "the Relation of Physical Cause and Effect" at once brings us to a long history of the prize of one hundred pounds offered by "J. W. Gilbert, Esq.," for an Essay on Banking. The subject of "Written Documents in reference to Banking" introduces a long report of "an interesting and novel ceremonial" at King's College, showing how "Mr. Gilbert, General Manager of the London and Westminster Bank," not only provided prizes for the successful students, but paid for the admission of every gentleman connected with that great establishment." In another place Mr. Gilbert says: "I am not aware that I have employed either parables, fables, or proverbs in any of my reasonings on banking. I cannot, therefore, introduce any illustration of this kind. As the best substitute I will transcribe the following articles, in which there are some exercises of the imagination." And upon this slender ground he reprints, for the benefit of his readers, a number of letters published by him thirty years ago in Irish country papers. Apropos of the "Poetry of Banking," he serves up again an essay from his pen containing such twaddle as the following:

Poetic positions are positions which express the feelings of the mind; thus there are positions of doubt, of sorrow, of joy, &c. Many of the positions into which we are thrown in ordinary life are highly poetic, although they may pass by without being celebrated in verse. Thus, when a portly gentleman enters an omnibus in which six persons are already seated on each side, and he stands in doubt where he is to find a place, he is in a poetic position—a position of suspense. And when the jerk of the omnibus throws him off his balance, and he falls heavily against a young

lady, who utters a shriek of horror, both he and the lady are in a poetic position—a position of alarm.

Not content with this, Mr. Gilbert remarks that

We reason from example when we present private or public testimonials to individuals to commemorate their exertions in favour of the Banking Institutions of the country. The reasoning implied in such testimonials is this: You see the honour which is acquired by promoting the public good; if you have equal talents, and are in a similar position as the party whose exertions are here commemorated, go and do likewise, and you may obtain similar honour.

This introduces, of course, another long report of the presentation of a "service of plate" to "James William Gilbert, Esq." Another of the innumerable manifestations of the author's self-love is too amusing to be passed over. Merely premising that almost every one of the conditions of the case are ascribed by Mr. Gilbert, in some part of his work, to himself, we will quote for our readers one of his examples of a number of independent reasons "advanced to prove the same proposition":

Another illustration—the salary of this manager ought to be advanced. Why? He has been the manager of the bank from its commencement. He then resigned a post in a very respectable bank, in which he might by this time have attained to a distinguished post. At the commencement of this bank its prospects were gloomy; and had it not been successful he would have lost his post, and could not have returned to the post he had relinquished. He has now held his office for a long time, and has therefore a claim from length of service. The bank has been eminently successful during the time he has held the office of manager. His salary hitherto has been less than that given to their managers by other banks of equal or even inferior standing. He has been very steady and attentive in the discharge of his official duties. He has on various special occasions shown great judgment and sagacity in conducting the affairs of the bank. He has, by his talents and influence, promoted the interest of the bank in various ways not necessarily connected with his office as manager. He is much respected by the customers, the shareholders, and the public. He was promised, when he accepted the office of manager, that his salary should increase as the bank might prosper. The bank is now in a state of high prosperity, and therefore the salary of the manager ought to be proportionately advanced.

We are anxious to do Mr. Gilbert no injustice. His numerous writings on the practice of banking may be read with pleasure and with profit by those who are interested in the study of that great social machinery upon which the happiness of all so closely depends; but upon the science or philosophy of his subject he is not a safe guide. The imperfect acquaintance which he displays in this volume with the great laws of political economy affecting the currency would astonish any one who had studied the subject, and who did not know how often an ignorance of principles is found to be compatible with great skill in practice. The practical banker, in fact, need know nothing but how to obtain deposits of cash, and how to invest profitably that portion which he may safely place out. Mr. Gilbert's great success as a bank manager affords, therefore, no certain presumption in favour of his claim to authority as a political economist; and such a claim will assuredly not bear investigation. Mr. Gilbert is an opponent of the Bank Act of 1844; but it is evident, from his remarks at pp. 272 and 393 of this book, that he has no clear conception of the principles upon which that measure, whether good or bad, was founded. He thinks that notes have no better claim to be issued upon bullion than upon "cotton, silk, or tea, or any other commodity," and he confesses himself unable to explain why a paper currency ought to be made to fluctuate in the same way as a metallic currency would fluctuate; but we doubt if any advanced pupil of Professor Waley's class at the London University would feel any difficulty upon the subject. The reason is that no substance possesses that steadiness of value which is the one essential attribute of money, in so high a degree as the precious metals. It is, therefore, desirable to give to the currency the steadiness of value of the precious metals, and this can only be done by allowing any one to coin gold into notes or change notes into gold at will—the fact being, that nothing secures that remarkable steadiness or equalisation of value but the perfect liberty of bullion merchants to import and export, to carry it away from the place where it is abundant, and bring it to the place where it is scarce.

Again, Mr. Gilbert tells his readers that "men eminent as political economists" supposed that the abundance of gold obtained from Australia "would permanently reduce the rate of interest"—an opinion which he declares to be founded on a "sound principle" and "upon the recognised doctrines of political economy." But he does not tell us who are the eminent economists who advance this principle, nor does he quote the doctrines of political economy which support it. The statements are, in fact, altogether erroneous. No eminent political economists advance such an opinion, which is altogether contrary to the "doctrines" of their science. An abundance of gold must in time raise prices; but it cannot permanently affect interest, or have any other "permanent" result than to make our sovereigns larger. One argument, we think, will convince Mr. Gilbert himself. Suppose gold became ultimately as abundant and therefore as cheap as silver: a country with a gold coinage would then of course be simply in the same position as if it had merely a silver coinage. But there are countries already which have only a silver coinage: will Mr. Gilbert say that interest is any lower in such countries than elsewhere? Does he really believe that he could borrow silver at any lower rate than he could borrow gold? We have no space to discuss such points any further; but will just note the fact that Mr. Gilbert asserts that the Bank of England continues to change the rate of interest "according to the stock of gold in her issuing department"—an error so extraordinary that we should have thought that no person with the slightest acquaintance with our monetary laws, nor even the most casual reader of the newspapers, could possibly have fallen into it.

A SPLENETIC VIEW OF OXFORD.

Alma Mater. Dedicated without permission to the Freshmen and Dons of Oxford. By MEGATHYM SPLENE, B.A. Oxonian. London: James Hogg and Sons.

AS THE seasick traveller eagerly longs for the first sight of land—as the over-worked clerk thinks of his solitary Christmas holiday—as the liver-tortured Anglo-Indian eats his last tiffin before embarking for his native land—as the maiden, who is beginning to count her seventh lustrum, feels when she is about to secure an eligible mate—as the testy old bachelor sees dinner coming unspoiled after half an hour's delay—so does the boy, weary of longs and shorts, of *x* and *y*'s, of Codrus and Romulus, of dame and master, hunger for the coming October day, when he shall don the cap and gown, and become, *nemine contradicente*, a man. And this longing is equally ardent whether the intending neophyte be Jones, Brown, Robinson, or Percy, Howard, or De Vere—whether the future gentleman commoner or the scriv—whether the prizeman or dullard of some great public school—the pet pupil or naughty boy of some meek spectacled country curate. Nor let us be mistaken when we talk of donning the cap and gown: we are not here speaking of such temperate raptures as one may feel at the hope of becoming a member of the Gower-street or Strand establishments. Much good may they do in their generation, undeterred by quip or sneer, by hard name or jesting patronymic. May some errant muse—enamoured of busy streets and rolling cabs, one that prefers the oozing mud of Father Thames to the silver waters of the Isis or the Cam—kindly control and temper the incongruous minds of the votaries that in dingy London bowers briefly woo Mathesis or Thalia, ere beckoned by restless Commerce to more lucrative, if less humanising, studies. From Gower-street and from the Strand many a town fledgeling has straggled far inward to the banks of the Isis and Cam, haply not well skilled in such bootless lore as Greek, Latin, or mathematics; little cognizant too, it may be, of cricket, of foot-ball, or the oar; but not unversed in the deeper sciences of billiards, loo, and *rouge et noir*, and full of mystic tales (sometimes, it may be, not invented) of the casino, the *bal masqué*, or the midnight supper room. Yet honour to whom honour is due: not a few from these urban Academes have won for themselves well-deserved fame, and gathered round them attached friends even at Trinity and Christchurch. But a truce to these meanderings: let us rather turn to our Oxonian B.A., Megathym Splene; who, we trust sincerely, is (to use the words of the honest knight Persius) *petulanti splene cachinno*, more than half in jest; or otherwise it is little compliment to the Muse of Gower-street to say that she is a far more delicate and chaste demoiselle than her more classic sister who presides over Rhedycina; and that the purlieus of the Haymarket are decidedly more cleanly than the High-street of Oxonia. Now admitting the axiom—at which pensive moralists may weep, but must not wonder—that no considerable number of young men, or indeed old, ever yet got together without engendering a certain amount of vice, we have always been under the idea (and despite our splenetic Bachelor we still hold to it) that there are not, and never have been, two purer communities than those of Oxford and Cambridge, taking them for all in all. Certainly, did we believe that the bilious experiences of Splene, B.A. with respect to the former of the two were unexaggerated, we should advise Paterfamilias to pause long and ponder deeply ere he unloosed his purse-strings for the purpose of sending his hopeful son to the more ancient of our two English Universities. We quote the following passage from the opening letter to the freshmen of Oxford, which will give our readers a fair idea of the purpose of the writer of this book:

Don't think that I write this book from malice, disappointment, or prejudice. The editor of "Terra-filius" and the author of "The Oxford Spy" may have done so, but not I. If I have suffered at the hands of the colleges, the University from which I held a scholarship has treated me very handsomely. Kindness nor injuries could alter my opinions, which grow from no personal feeling, but are based on a ten years' experience of university life, several years' profound reflection, and seven months' study of the subject. Few men, in fact, have had a larger university experience than I. I have been a member of the Universities of London, Bonn, Munich, and Oxford, and connected more or less with that of Paris. I thought it well to introduce some account of these institutions, in order that that of Oxford might come out in its true light; but I am no more a blind admirer of German than I am a prejudiced detractor of English Universities. I affirm that German students are less immoral than English undergraduates; that German dons, if more pedantic, are less narrow-minded, less drunken than ours. I add, that their discipline is more sensible. But I do not pretend that their despotic constitution would suit our English notions; while I think their educational system far too professional, aye, and too professorial, for a university, though certainly more in accordance with the requirements of the age. You still wonder why I wrote, and yet more why I publish these papers. My reason is this: There are abuses at Oxford which no Blue-book touches on; and Blue-books, you who are to be Oxford rulers one day, would never read. There are errors in constitution and education at Oxford with which the Commissioners have never troubled themselves. What the Commissioners have done is well enough in its way, but that way was a narrow one. To expose these abuses, and point out these errors, I have dared to put on the gloves with this mammoth University; and if it will return this my first blow, I shall be happy to parry and attack anew. That my impudence may do good, is all the wish of—MEGATHYM SPLENE.

As most men's experience of university life is limited to between three and four years, and the philosophic temperament that leads men to reflect profoundly for a number of years is not often to be met with in this Mammon-seeking age, few persons ought to be better able to pass an opinion on Oxford matters than our cynical critic, if his qualifications be real, and we have no reason to suppose them otherwise. What injury our B.A. has received from his college—to which he alludes more than once—we leave it to Oxford men to guess; yet we imagine it is to this we can trace a want of impartiality, whenever our author contrasts College government with that of the University. We fancy most Oxonians pass through their university

career without discovering any such dire necessity for there being a "Resident Chancellor," or "Head of Oxford" who is not head of a college. There is such a thing as public opinion, even at Oxford, though it does not go for much with Megathym Splene, B.A.; and we believe it to be a very exceptional case where an undergraduate's life "is blighted by collegiate injustice." Let, however, this book be taken *cum grano*, and it will not be altogether unprofitable reading. We have had Thackeray (himself a Cantab) attacking donnish snobs pretty sharply in *Punch*; but even in the licensed pages of that periodical he has not half so many hard names for them as has our author, with whom an Oxford don is a red-nosed, port-swilling biped, who lives in a huge alms-house—a Protestant monk, who never speaks, but always snuffles—who is always getting drunk—who is arrogant, conceited, deceitful, and ignorant—who, from having lived so long in monkish seclusion, cannot discern between a virtuous gentlewoman and a drunken strumpet—who is distinguished only for his pedagogic rigidity, superciliousness, heartlessness, and consummate conceit, and for a good many other things which we care not to quote.

If it be necessary to admonish Oxford freshmen as follows—"Let us have no more deceit, no more lies, no more drunkenness, no more obscenity, no more self-indulgence, no more reckless extravagance, among you"—the fault surely lies with the public schools of England, and not with the University. In fact, Oxford is, according to the book before us, a very sink of coarse undisguised vice; as vicious as the most vicious Continental city, but far less elegant in its sins. Aspasia, Laïs, and Phryne are not there, but slatterns, drunkards, and swearers, who attract by having lost the semblance of woman; the only thing Socratic about the place is hard drinking; and the modern Alcibiades resembles his prototype only in his good looks and viciousness. And all this is gravely authenticated by a *crambe repetita* of old university slang, and of balderdash borrowed from such books as that by the author of "Peter Priggins" and "The Oxford Spy," &c. Yet this book is very far from being a stupid one. The remarks on the middle-class examinations are noteworthy; the comparison between the German Universities and Oxford is admirable; and some of the suggestions for improving the latter are excellent; but one gets tired of the hard, fierce, unceasing shower of abuse, untempered by wit and, we hope, by truth, with which the writer pelts Oxford and everything belonging to her. Nor is anything to be learned at Oxford. We should gain far more from having listened to the Viennese Professor Haselbach, who lectured publicly for twenty-two years on the first chapter of Isaiah without coming to an end; or his colleague Guthman, who wrote twenty-four volumes of lectures on the first five verses of Genesis; than we should in forming part of the audience of the Oxford lecturer (as caricatured in these pages), who comes into the class-room with a Virgil with marked quantities, a Lempriere, and a translation. To those who imagine that Oxford has produced no classical work of note for the last twenty-five years—if they really imagine this, and are not eager to lay a fresh dereliction to her charge though at the expense of truth—we would suggest that during the last year alone there have, *inter alia*, been written by members of that University such books as Conington's Virgil, Grant's Aristotle, Rawlinson's Herodotus, and Gladstone's Homer.

Now we honestly affirm that when we sat down to read this book we were overflowing with the milk of critical kindness. "Here," said we to ourselves, with somewhat shortsighted benevolence, "is a book admirably printed and on excellent paper; containing possibly the matured reflections of one who holds it to be true philosophy neither always to laugh with Democritus or weep with Heraclitus—who can duly commingle mirth with melancholy, praise with blame, and can find good in everything." We read on, and found the subject matter somewhat too pungent for our taste; but we consoled ourselves that we were prepared for this by the pseudonym of the author, and we remembered that Oxford had sores which would bear a considerable deal of probing. But, after wading through the three hundred and odd pages of which the book consists, we can assert that Megathym Splene has not a good word for any person or thing connected, directly or indirectly, with Oxford. Between the drunken, thievish scouts, "than whom a more rascally set of human beings cannot be imagined," and who "are not ashamed to seek for parochial relief at the end of the long vacation"—and the miserable imbecile Vice-Chancellor, whose "wife beats him, and who is sick of his life"—the picture is filled up with lying blackguard undergraduates and drunken pedantic dons. There are, however, occasional gleams of common-sense breaking through the splenetic nonsense of this book. "He laughs at scars that never felt a wound;" and the beery ill-dressed German student, whose tailor cannot legally give him credit for more than four pounds, has often in the end a decided advantage over the Oxonian dandy, whose pegtopped trousers, varnished boots, and dangling watch-charms have in no few cases to be liquidated, at some time or other, from the proceeds of his father's curacy. But Splene, B.A., is not the first, and will not be the last, to lecture unavailingly against the credit system. We ourselves have heard it asserted, upon what we believe to be good authority, that at one of our two Universities flourishes a firm of tailors between whom and the undergraduates there is a perpetual floating debt of from 20,000*l.* to 30,000*l.*; and this despite discommoding and other restrictive measures adopted by the University. Again, to come from coats to the cuisine:

Why (it is asked) this difference in different colleges? Why at one place do you get a good dinner for one-and-sixpence; at another a cold one for three shillings; at a third, a *recherché* banquet for half-a-crown; at a fourth, grease and grizzle for seven-and-sixpence? It does not depend on the number of members resident. Merton and Magdalen have as many as Lincoln, yet are twice as expensive. Nor do the riches of the foundations diminish the taxes on the students. The revenue of Merton is 7220*l.*; that of Magdalen, not precisely known, but estimated by Huber at 18,450*l.*; but that of Lincoln is only 2332*l.* Again, it does not depend on the quality of the instruction or the reputation of the tutors.

Doubtless the cause of this is, as the author remarks, the prestige of the dearest place. It is exactly the same feeling which enables the hotel-visitor complacently to pay more for a tough chop in Jermyn-street than he would for average turtle and venison in Covent-garden. And here for once we have no pity for Paterfamilias: as he must have been a consenting party to his son becoming a Merton or Maudlin man, let him even pay for it; and let him further not be surprised if his young Hopeful relieves the monotony of his seven-and-sixpenny short-commons, for which he must pay, whether he be present or not, by occasional dinner interludes at the Angel or Star, where the fare will be *recherché* rather than cheap. We see little objection to the suggestion of establishing, *more Germanico*, a small theatre under University censorship, where, doubtless, the sylphides and coryphees will be duly looked after: this is allowed at Cambridge during part of the long vacation, when only the most steady men are permitted to reside; and we believe the permission has never been productive of the least harm.

With regard to the somewhat elaborate educational scheme propounded in p. 239 of this book, we can only say that it looks tolerably reasonable on paper. We ought to mention, too, that our B. A. is a warm advocate for the marriage of Fellows, without which he thinks that nothing good can come out of Oxford. He puts his anti-celibate arguments tersely and forcibly; but we care not here to reopen a subject which has been already debated *ad nauseam* in the daily press and elsewhere. In conclusion we bid farewell to Megathym Splene—of whom we are heartily tired—with the hope that, if we ever meet him again, it will be when he is in a better temper than when he penned these angry pages.

PHILIP THE SECOND OF SPAIN.

History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, &c. London: Routledge, Warnes, and Routledge. 1859.

MR. PRESCOTT advances slowly; but few readers of his new volume will wish that he had quickened the speed of his historic march or hint a suspicion of book-making and spinning-out. The revolt of the Moriscoes and the war with the Turks—the latter to be one day, perhaps, chiefly memorable from the connection of Cervantes with its main incident, the battle of Lepanto—are the principal themes of the volume before us. They are but episodes in those four years of Philip's reign which are so far depicted in the new instalment of Mr. Prescott's classical work, and of which Alva in the Netherlands is much the most important phenomenon. Yet they are episodes partly of such historical and biographical significance, partly so affluent with picturesque material, and they are altogether recorded by Mr. Prescott with such ability and animation, that the reader never feels a sensation of tedium or that his patience is being trifled with. The eventful story of the Moorish revolt affects us as might a tragedy. The romantic biography of Don John of Austria (on whom by the way we are promised a volume by the accomplished historian of the "Last Years of Charles V.," Mr. Stirling of Keir), primarily developed as a sub-episode of the revolt of the Moriscoes, culminates in the "glorious victory" of Lepanto. Last, not least, when the tale of domestic strife and foreign war is told, Mr. Prescott, with the tact of a true historic artist, instead of closing his volume, changes his theme, and in a brief but admirable section, entitled "Domestic Affairs of Spain," allows the mind to repose on interesting sketches of polity, of manners, and of personal traits. In the careful and impartial account of the gloomy Philip's character, habits, and tastes, Mr. Prescott does not neglect to insert an interesting narrative of the building of the Escorial—that monastery-palace which architecturally symbolises the genius of Spain as does the Alhambra the genius of its Moorish conquerors. As a work of art, the volume is complete in itself. Mr. Prescott's reputation is of a kind to dispense with the addendum that the whole narrative is based on the amplest and most careful examination of authorities, published and unpublished. A reference to the subject may be made for the purpose of pointing attention to the excellent supplemental notes, in which are given criticisms of the historical merits of the chief writers, older and less old, on the events described in the text. Some of these contain biographical sketches of much value—as in the case of Mendoza, who is not only a chief authority for the history of the Moorish revolt but who was the originator of the picaresque Spanish novel. As Cervantes is associated with the war against the Turks, so is the author of "Lazarillo de Tormes" with the Moorish revolt. In Cervantes and Mendoza we have the bright and sunny side of the Spanish character in the age of Philip II. and the Inquisition; and, happily, Mr. Prescott seems to appreciate the literature of Spain as keenly as he has studied its history with diligence.

The confused and sanguinary struggle which finally ended in the expulsion of the Moriscoes from Spain was of a kind to bring out the narrative rather than the reflective genius of the historian. It is wonderful,

indeed, with what clearness and distinctness the strife is invested, and the salient points presented. Nor is a personal interest absent from the detail of mutual massacre and slaughter, desperate Moor slowly succumbing to vengeful Spaniard. The story of the two kings whom the Moorish insurgents elected to rule them has all the interest of Oriental romance, with its intense splendours and rapid vicissitudes. In contrast to them we have, in skilful presentation, the young Christian hero, Don John of Austria, the natural son of Charles V., brought up in modest seclusion, unsuspecting of his origin, then suddenly removed to an exalted position, and going forth in the flush of early manhood to do victorious battle against the infidel in the fastnesses of the Alpujarras and the waters of Lepanto. On the Moorish revolt, its causes and consequences, Mr. Prescott's reflections are as forcible as his narrative of it is vivid and picturesque. His sympathies are completely with neither party in the terrible and sanguinary contest. He can understand and make allowances for the Spaniard's hereditary hatred of the Moor, while he blames the bigoted policy which dreamt of changing at once, and by a few strokes of the pen, the religion, customs, and even language of a defeated but still a vigorous race. The frightful savagery of the Moorish insurgents finds no favour in his eyes. Yet he can regard them with complacency, before the revolt broke out, living in peaceful industry among the bold sierras that stretch along the southern coast of Spain, where the Moorish peasant, in his green sequestered valleys, displayed "that elaborate culture which in the palmy days of his nation was unrivalled in any part of Europe." Some historians consider the expulsion of the Moriscoes to have been the salvation of the Spanish monarchy; others trace to it the decline of Spain. With all his admiration of Christian chivalry, Mr. Prescott belongs to the latter class. The expulsion of the Moriscoes from the Peninsula he styles "an act which deprived Spain of the most industrious and ingenious portion of her population, and which must be regarded as one of the principal causes of the subsequent decline of the monarchy." Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the blind bigotry which produced the expulsion of the Moriscoes ruined Spain. Had Spain accepted the Reformation she might have done well enough without her Moriscoes.

The war with the Turks, which forms the second portion of Mr. Prescott's new volume, has none of that peculiar horror which distinguishes civil war, especially when waged between fanatic Moslems and fanatic Christians. It was a war in which the proud and cunning Venetians engaged from interest, and the pacific Philip from religious enthusiasm. But, looked at from this distance, it was part of a great and successful struggle to hurl back the power of the Ottomans, whose threatened subjugation of Christian Europe saddened the declining years of the fearless Luther. Mr. Prescott's style adapts itself to the congenial theme. He paints with loving minuteness "the fine form and features of the youthful hero," in "his splendid dress of white velvet and cloth of gold," while "a crimson scarf floated loosely over his breast, and his snow-white plumes drooping from his cap mingled with the yellow curls that fell over his shoulders." Thus looked Don John of Austria when, at the age of twenty-four, he rode through the jubilant streets of Naples, where he had landed on his way to take the command of the allied fleet against the Ottomans. The famous battle of Lepanto is described in Mr. Prescott's best style—vivid, picturesque, and, above all, careful and accurate; no guesswork or fantasizing visible. On the reader's mind is left a painful sense of the theme of Volney's celebrated book on the "Ruins of Empires." Three hundred years ago Venice, Spain, and Turkey were first-class maritime powers. At the commencement of the war the "high contracting parties," foes of the Turks, agreed to "furnish two hundred galleys, one hundred transports and smaller vessels, fifty thousand foot, and four thousand five hundred horse, with the requisite artillery and munitions." Take this description of the Turkish fleet at Lepanto, date the 7th of October 1571.

The Ottoman fleet came on slowly and with difficulty. For, strange to say, the wind, which had hitherto been adverse to the Christians, after lulling for a time, suddenly shifted to the opposite quarter, and blew in the face of the enemy. As the day advanced, moreover, the sun, which had shone in the eyes of the confederates, gradually shot its rays into those of the Moslems. Both circumstances were of good omen to the Christians, and the first was regarded as nothing short of a direct interposition of Heaven. Thus ploughing its way along, the Turkish armament, as it came more into view, showed itself in greater strength than had been anticipated by the allies. It consisted of nearly two hundred and fifty royal galleys, most of them of the largest class, besides a number of smaller vessels in the rear, which, like those of the allies, appear scarcely to have come into action. The men on board, of every description, were computed at not less than a hundred and twenty thousand. The galleys spread out, as usual with the Turks, in the form of a regular half-moon, covering a wider extent of surface than the combined fleets, which they somewhat exceeded in number. They presented, indeed, as they drew nearer, a magnificent array, with their gilded and gaudily-painted prows, and their myriads of pennons and streamers fluttering gaily in the breeze, while the rays of the morning sun glanced on the polished scymetars of Damascus, and on the superb aigrettes of jewels which sparkled in the turbans of the Ottoman chiefs.

Alas for the descent from Solymán the Magnificent to Abd-el-Mejid—from Philip II. to Queen Isabella—from the proud and strong Carthage of the lagoons to the decaying city where "rows the silent gondolier."

Few monarchs, according to Mr. Prescott, have left behind them such ample materials as Philip II. for the formation of a judgment on their characters. From his reserved unsocial nature, he disliked talking, and encouraged the transaction of business in writing. During the latter years of his reign at least, he left his ministers to consult on state affairs in his absence, and contented himself with reading a full report of the discussion, written so as to leave an ample margin for his copious commentaries. "Even with his private secre-

aries," we are told, "who were always near at hand, he chose to communicate by writing, and they had as large a mass of his autograph notes in their possession as if the correspondence had been carried on from different parts of the kingdom." It is, however, on what may be called the outward physiognomy of his character rather than on its profounder aspects, that Mr. Prescott at present cares to dwell. Solitary, reserved, suspicious, Philip took no delight in manly exercises, in the conduct of military expeditions, or in travelling—points in which he presented a striking contrast to Charles V. Unlike his father, too, he was temperate in his meals. The only period of the day at which he showed himself in an agreeable light was when he received in person the petitions of his subjects. "He received the petitioners graciously, and listened to all they had to say with patience, for that was his virtue." In another form this virtue appeared as procrastination; Philip was a very Lord Eldon of monarchs. He would not allow his ministers to do anything, and he could never make up his own mind to decide. The petitioner found a gracious reception, but had to wait long for a judgment. Frugal, not to say parsimonious, he was lavish in his expenditure on the royal household, probably from a strong notion of his kingly dignity. For a better reason perhaps, he was a liberal patron of art, as the Escorial with its architecture and painting testified. As Mr. Prescott proceeds, the darker features of Philip's character will become more apparent; but in the sketch of him given in the present volume there is little to remind us of the stealthy and terrible tyrant which dramatists have delighted to paint him.

In the anti-constitutional policy of his domestic government, Mr. Prescott represents Philip as closely following the example of Charles V. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, Spain approximated to our modern conception of a limited monarchy. They maintained the rights of the people, were it only as a counterpoise to the power of the aristocracy. But Charles and Philip governed both nobles and people with an all but absolutely despotic sway. Neither Charles nor Philip encouraged the public employment of men of high rank, and the Spanish aristocracy was relegated to its estates to mimic in the provinces the despotism of the crown. It was Charles who hit upon the cunning expedient of not receiving petitions from the Cortes until they had voted supply, and had thus lost the power of enforcing their demands. The Cortes were stripped of their legislative power. No better instance of the form without the substance of constitutionalism could be cited than the fact that the Castilian Cortes were more frequently convoked under Philip than in any reign, and yet Philip II. was an almost absolute despot.

We take leave of Mr. Prescott's admirable volume with a renewed sense of the obligations which history owes him. The present volume alone would establish his claims to a high rank among contemporary historians. Seventeen years of Philip's reign have been narrated; the story of some twenty-six more remains to be told. From the writer who has invested with such interest the insurrection of the Moriscos, and described so excellently the Battle of Lepanto, what may we not expect when he comes to handle the deepening Revolt of the Netherlands and the career of the Spanish Armada?

NEANDER ON CHRISTIAN DOGMAS.

Lectures on the History of Christian Dogmas. By Dr. AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Edited by Dr. J. L. JACOBI. Translated from the German by J. E. RYLAND, M.A. London: Bohn.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the completion of Neander's Church History, Mr. Bohn has added these two volumes on the *History of Christian Dogmas* to his "Standard Library," thereby putting the reader who so wishes it in a position to examine more fully the origin and relative bearing of those several doctrines which at either one time or another constituted the teaching of the Church. Neander felt that a separate work from his General Church History was needed in order to do fair justice to so important an investigation. The subject, too, is one for the handling of which he was thoroughly adapted from the peculiar constitution of his mind, in which the analytic and synthetic elements appear to have been about equally balanced. The writers are few indeed of whom so much can be affirmed, and there are almost as few who would venture to breast the sea of difficulties that must come surging up against any one the moment that he embarks in such an undertaking. Let the reader only picture to himself into what a world Christianity was born; by what open enemies it was assailed, such as a corrupt Judaism and a still more corrupt and profligate heathenism; by what sinister influences it was sought to be undermined by those who recognised in it the solution of numerous moral problems, but who yet refused to acknowledge its Divine origin, and thought they could deal with it as with other systems of religion or philosophy, on the eclectic plan of accepting some portions of its doctrine and rejecting others;—let him also bear in mind the long continuance of this contest, begun in the Apostolic age, transferred from Judea to Alexandria, where it was waged with all the keenness and subtlety of the Greek intellect; continued after the Empire became nominally Christian by heresiarchs too numerous to be mentioned; still further protracted during the Middle Ages, up to and after the Reformation, and even still not ended—and he will then be able to form some faint idea of the vast labour which Neander must have undergone in composing these volumes. A faint idea truly; for the positive side of the question presents as many

difficulties as the negative. If the open assailants of Christianity were numerous and brought an infinity of mischief, so were its indomitable champions both numerous and often guilty of propagating the most serious errors in their eagerness to define and defend their own notions of orthodoxy. And so there grew up a Church which, claiming for itself the attribute of infallibility, has nevertheless had the hardihood to propound such monstrous doctrines as those of transubstantiation, indulgence, and the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin.

But if the difficulties of such an inquiry are great, they vanish soon before the handling of such a master workman as Neander. With him for our guide, we trace the successive development of Christian dogmas—we see by what various influences these were affected, at one time Platonic and at another sacerdotal—we distinguish between the true and the false—and, if at all worthy disciples of such a master, we do all this in a loving and equable spirit, *sine ira et studio*. Had such a spirit always prevailed in the world, how few *auto-de-fés*, Smithfield burnings, and St. Bartholomew massacres would history have to record!

Our author's definition of the word dogma as an *opinion* or *notion*, according to its obvious etymology and the meaning affixed to it by the ancient philosophers, would appear to bespeak the indulgence of all who recognise the maxim that "to err is human." Christianity in its essence "consists not in a system of ideas, but in a tendency of the inner life. Dogmas are that form of the life rooted in God which is constructed by thought and reflection." Hence, while Christianity remains always the same, there may be a successive development of dogmatic ideas flowing from it, in accordance with the mental culture of the age. But there are both true and false dogmas, the latter of which were designated by the early Fathers as heresies, from the word *αἵρεσις*, literally *choice*, once used in a good sense, but by the Fathers as a term of reproach for any opinion that "stood at variance with the unity aimed at by Christianity." It is the history of these various *δογματισμοὶ* and *αἵρεσις* that Neander calls upon us to investigate; and, in order that the inquiry may be carried on according to systematic arrangement, he has divided it into the following periods and epochs: I. The apologetic period, from the close of the Apostolic age to the time of Gregory I., about A.D. 600. II. The systematic polemic period. III. The period of transition. IV. The Catholic element and Scholasticism. V. The Reformation. VI. The Lutheran and Reformed Forms. VII. Religious stagnation and formalism. VIII. Critical period, commencing with Semler. IX. Reformation of theology by Schleiermacher. Though each of these periods is treated in its history with consummate skill, it is to the first and second that we would more particularly invite the attention of our readers, as showing a grasp of thought in dealing with the various subtle elements of the Greek and Oriental philosophies in their relation to Christianity, such as, perhaps, no author besides Neander ever possessed. For the rest, should any one question what good can result from such an inquiry, we reply in the words of our author:

The study of history serves not merely for understanding the present; it has an important relation to truth in all its branches, and its own special aim. Thus the history of dogmas is peculiarly important for Christianity, as far as it presents one branch of it, namely, that of doctrine. It shows, in the development of doctrine, the process of culture which the human mind has experienced under the influence of Christianity, which does not remain as so much dead stock, but, as a heaven, must evolve itself more and more in the consciousness. We behold the truth proceeding from Christ to conflict with error and triumph over it; and we have in that a pledge of its eternally victorious power. We not only perceive what effect the consciousness of Christian truth immediately produces on men, so as to lead their thinking to new results, but also how reason, by the impulse it received from Christianity, has attained to many truths which otherwise its unaided powers could not have discovered. This thought has been admirably worked out by Augustine in his beautiful work "De vera Religione." As we descry in history the traces of a higher necessity, we learn to understand the self-developing process of Christian truth. Scientific inquiry finds order where ignorance sees only confusion; and what leads the latter astray serves to confirm the former in the truth. Hence the superficial judgment to which the study of heresies seems useless, and an acquaintance with dogmatic controversies a fruitless burden for the memory, is easily set aside. If we will but view such phenomena in connection with their causes, we shall discover the deeper reasons which bear witness of the truth, and in many a seemingly unimportant fact a fundamental tendency of the human mind will be revealed, which reappears in our own times. If it is important for the interests of science to understand an abnormal natural phenomenon, it is still more important to form an accurate judgment of an irregular spiritual phenomenon.

With this brief extract we heartily commend the work to all who, like Neander, feel that a knowledge of the mental struggles and religious developments of the Church in all past ages is the best standpoint from which to contemplate the Christian life and dogmatic tendencies of our own time.

AMERICAN SURNAMES.

Suffolk Surnames. By N. I. BOWDITCH. Boston, U.S.: Ticknor and Fields.

VERY FEW PERSONS imagine that their surnames, which appear to convey no other meaning to ear or eye than that of a designation, accepted by all, but inquired into by none, are really translatable into a characteristic title, after the manner of those which are adopted by North American Indians. Very frequently in our island the primary signification of a name is lost by its possessors' family, who may have been foreign settlers, who Anglicised a name that might have been clearly translated, and so converted it into one that bears no meaning in any language. Or it may have been vulgarised by its descent, as is the aristocratic "D'Aubyn," which reappears in village life as "Dobbin." But, however strange and meaningless surnames may now be, it is certain that they may be all re-converted by a backward

process of disquisition into a designation derived from a place of residence, a profession or trade, a personal peculiarity, &c. &c. If one language will not unravel them, another will; and, when we consider the mixed character of blood and lineage which make up the inhabitants of the British Islands and the great Anglo-Saxon race generally, it is not surprising that names of the most puzzling kind, apparently consisting of an arbitrary conglomerate of syllables, should be rife among us. But it is, perhaps, more curious that in some of our counties names still remain to designate the labouring classes that have been in those peculiar districts from the Saxon and Norman era, when they were borne by the forefathers of their present holders. Thus in Kent we meet still, in the older villages on the coast, with the names of Fordred and Osbert, names which appear on Saxon charters and early coins of the Kings of Kent; and in Yorkshire, where the peasantry retain unmistakable evidences of their Danish descent, we find the name of Havelock, the hero of the old romance of "Haveloc the Dane," so ably edited by Sir Frederick Madden.

Surnames deduced from personal appearances are of the greatest antiquity. We may give one popular instance in that of the poet Ovid, whose full designation of Publius Ovidius Naso shows that the Romans were not above calling a person "nosey," after the fashion of the obvious nick-naming which modern schoolboys delight in. Scipio Barbatus, a name derived from his long beard, was constructed in the same taste; Scipio Africanus was a more noble designation for the general who had conquered Africa.

Such names as the Saxon royal Ethulwulf, or "noble wolf," of course originated in similes intended to be complimentary, after our own fashion of terming a soldier "brave as a lion." The Norman names still translate themselves, as Beaufoy (a faithful adherent), Beauclerc (good scholar), &c. Others from personal bravery, as Napier or *na peer* (without equal), from the undaunted conduct of a Scottish ancestor. Others from occupation, as Spencer from Le Dispenser, or the Steward; Landseer from a bailiff; and Granger from the superintendent of a grange. Others from residence, as Durham, Essex, &c. Our author helps us to a few others in his preliminary chapter when he says:

Surnames are traceable to several chief sources. The Christian names of parents: thus John, the son of Dick, becomes John Dickson. Dignities, offices, and occupations: thus John, the squire, sergeant, smith, or baker, becomes John Squire, John Sargent, John Smith, or John Baker. Countries, towns, particular localities of residence or ownership, including signs of inns: these local names are by far the most numerous of all,—perhaps more numerous than all others together. Bodily peculiarities, and virtues and vices, including names of beasts, birds, and insects (as wolf, fox, parrot, bee), or inanimate objects (as stone, flint, marble, &c.), a resemblance to which is suggested by these personal or mental traits: these, likewise, constitute a very numerous class. Accidental circumstances or incidents: thus the being born at a certain season of the year, or in a certain month, or on a certain day, or at a certain hour, may have been the origin of the families of Spring, Winter, May, Monday, Sunrise. Mr. Nine may have been a ninth child. Foundlings are often unkindly dealt with, being named from the rather objectionable buildings in which they are found exposed.

This last class fares very badly, and to them must be returned such names as Greenstreet, Benetfink, &c. The Governors of our great Foundling Hospital are answerable for many.

English literature already possesses two good volumes on the curiosities of personal nomenclature by M. A. Lower: the present volume is an addition from the other side of the Atlantic, though its title might at first induce us to class it along with English local literature. America is sometimes confusing with its old English names, and the whole of the explanatory paragraph in our author's preface might be taken for a conglomerate of English localities by a topographer "after dinner." Thus he says: "The county of Suffolk consists of the city of Boston, and the small adjoining town of Chelsea and its various sub-divisions. It formerly included also several towns now constituting Norfolk county."

The history of this book is simply this:—Its author is a conveyancer, and in the course of his business has noted three thousand pages of names of persons connected with this part of America. From this portentous list he has selected enough to show the odd variety of names borne by various individuals, and classified them in various chapters—as derived from mental qualities, bodily peculiarities, animals, birds, fishes, trees, fruits; the elements, the seasons; music and the arts; mathematics, logic, literature, and law; streets, edifices, or cities; dignities and offices; signs and trades; disease and medicines; and names which have originated in mistake, or have been translated and changed; as well as many others classified "miscellaneous."

The volume consists of little else than names, and their occasional elucidation. We shall therefore confine ourselves to one example, which bears out our assertion of the primary significance of all surnames:

Many names are undoubtedly the mere result of mistake or mis-spelling. A late resident officer of our hospital informs me that he has received bills made out against the institution, in which that word has been spelt in forty-six different ways, a list of which he sends me. In 1844, one Joseph Galliano died in Boston; and, in our Probate Records, he has the *alias* of Joseph Gallon,—that having been his popular name. Plamboeck, in some of our conveyances, became Plumbuck. These are names in a transition state. So likewise a Spanish boy, having the Christian name of Benito, pronounced Beneto, who shipped with Dr. Bowditch in one of his voyages (as mentioned in his Memoir, 1839), became Ben Eaton; and a foundling, named Personne (*i.e.* "nobody"), became Mr. Pearson. Perhaps our Barnfield is but a corruption of the glorious old Dutch name Barneveldt. Jacques Beguin, of Texas, as we learn from Olmstead, became John Bacon. The firm of Welch and Weniger, in Roxbury, might easily be thus transmuted to Veal and Vinegar. Bellows is supposed to be a corruption of De Belle Eau. The family crest represents "water poured from a chalice into a basin." The "beautiful waters" of Bellows Falls will for ever appropriately commemorate the name and home of the founder of this family in our country. In one part of East Boston, chiefly occupied by Irish labourers, the streets are named for the poets Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, &c. Alexander Wadsworth is a surveyor well known to many of those residents, no one of whom, probably, ever heard of the Sage of Grasmere; and, in the deeds of their

lots, the surveyor has very generally carried the day. Mr. Cisco is sub-treasurer of New York. This family originated in a foreigner named John Francisco, who, for brevity, voluntarily changed his signature to John F. Cisco. Europe has a similar name in Rev. F. G. Lisco, of Berlin. Many foreign names are entirely altered by translation. Thus Pierpont would be Stonebridge; and, if not translated, they often wholly lose their original significance. Thus the German Gutman should be Goodman; Kraft, Sinn, and Lust should be Strength, Meaning, Pleasure, &c. In the London Directory of 1858 are the names of Gut and Gutkind (*i.e.*, "good" and "good child"). Goodchap, in plain English, is found in their company. A French family of Blanchpied, settled in Essex county, has had its name both translated and corrupted,—ending in families of Whitefoot and Blumpey; and a German named Rübsum, who emigrated to Charleston, S.C., became, by translation, Mr. Turnipseed. It is not only gravely asserted, but is considered to be proved, that the French "*jour*" is derived from the Latin "*dies*," through the changes of *diurno*, *journo*, *jour*. Many grotesque names are known to have been given to foundlings. A female infant left at a house in Otis Place, Boston, in 1856, was called Mary Otis; and one left in an outbuilding in Brookline, in 1856, was appropriately named Fanny Shed. Many other names have, from time to time, been silently changed. Thus the Blague family, of this county, became Blake; Everedd was altered to Webb; Fitzpen became Phippen. It is said that Nye ended in Noyes. Other names are pronounced so differently from the mode in which they are spelt as to be hardly recognised. Like the coin of a country, they are universally clipped and worn. Thus the English names of Cholmondeley, Brougham, Haworth, Auchinleck, Mohun, and Cockburn, are Chumley, Broom, Horth, Affleck, Moon, and Coburn; and a fellow-collegian from the South, Mr. Taliaferro, was Mr. Tolliver, &c. Our own Thuolt, of Hungarian origin, is pronounced Tote. Such names, in the course of time, often become spelt as they are pronounced. Thus Putnam is supposed to be Puttenham; Frothingham, to be Fotheringham, &c. Pultenham still exists as an English name. Snooks is known to be an abbreviation of Sevenoaks. Crowninshield was formerly popularly called Groundsell; and this name is found in New York. St. John is pronounced Simjohn; and that name is common in Canada. The letter "d" is almost universally cut off. Thus Cold Lane, in Boston, became Cole Lane; and we have the name of Colburn (*i.e.*, "cold stream"). Mr. Colegrove, of Middletown, Mass., and Mr. Colwell, of Philadelphia, subscribed for Agassiz' work.

Weary as this book may look, owing to its array of names, it is impossible to turn over its pages without being amused, and gaining much curious information. Our author is a humorist in his own line of study; thus he dedicates his volume in these words: "To the Memory of A. Shurt, 'the Father of American Conveyancing,' whose name is associated alike with my daily toilet and my daily occupation." And in p. 19 he says: "I find a widow with the Christian name of TAMER; I know nothing, however, of her married life."

AMERICAN POEMS.

The Poets of the West: a Selection of Favourite American Poems, with Memoirs of their Authors. Illustrated by F. O. C. DARLEY, JASPER CROSEY, J. H. HILL, BIRKET FOSTER, &c. London: S. Low, Son, and Co.

WE LOOK with favourable eyes upon the prevalent esteem for illustrated books. It is a healthy as well as an amiable taste that finds its gratification in the contemplation of natural scenes, and the familiar passages of domestic life; and such delineations, we need hardly say, form the vast preponderance of that very miscellaneous department of art which falls under the description of designs for wood engraving. Generally, too, the works selected for illustration belong to the purest and most pleasing in our literature—such as may well have proved blessed ministers of truth and loveliness to many a one whose choice was originally determined by the attractions of the accompanying woodcuts.

Our estimate of these last, taken in a body, must be mainly determined by the standard we may think proper to set up. Undoubtedly the true condition of excellence in an illustration is that it shall accurately embody and palpably exhibit the inmost sense of the original text. Tried by this standard, there are probably not half a dozen good illustrations in the country. He who would reproduce a poet's thought in another language must be a poet himself; and it is but too certain that the dexterity and practical ability so general among our artists are entirely unrelated to, if indeed they do not absolutely exclude the possession of, imaginative gifts. Even when our artists are actually poets, they are usually men disabled by the very originality of their genius from entering into and interpreting the conceptions of other minds. This does not apply to Mr. Millais, who may have little faculty for the heights of speculation or the depths of mysticism, but from whose sympathetic spirit nothing human is alien; but the conceptions of his companions in friendship and art stand aloof in their lonely splendour; they express the ideas of the artist, and of no one else. Rossetti's contributions to the illustrated Tennyson are inestimable as independent works of art, but show at the same time that nothing will ever bring the poet's and the painter's minds to move in the same plane of thought.

Mr. Wolf sways a kingdom of his own; he is an Adam who names the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and teaches us more about them than all the sages can. His imagination is grand, his truth magical; he gives no place for rebuke or even criticism; you can do nothing with him but admire. Each of his designs is a leaf torn from the book of Nature; less cannot be said of him, or more of any man. From Millais and Rossetti and Wolf to Gilbert and Foster seems a steep and dizzy descent—perhaps not, were it not for exigencies of life. Happy the artist who can live to paint, but unhappy he who must paint to live! It is hardly possible that men who produce so much as Messrs. Gilbert and Foster should produce anything truly inspired or of abiding value. It was an unfortunate day for Mr. Gilbert's fame when the great fact of his marvellous fecundity of invention was first revealed to the ravished perception of the publishers. We mention Mr. Gilbert expressly, feeling by no means sure that the talent of Mr. Foster has been equally injured by overstimulation. We doubt whether the latter gentleman be not the very man to spend a contented life in the reproduction of the same set of designs—beautiful and uniform as grapes, depending from the same

stalk, and which the same vine repeats on every tendril. Not so his yokefellow, who may rarely succeed in satisfying our ideal, but is, at least, seldom tame or conventional. Perhaps, after all, we do not well to be angry; it is certainly fortunate that there should be two artists whose facility is a perennial spring, from which, however, it may be with the admirable, the flowing forth of the pleasing and refined is limitless and inexhaustible.

The book before us, a favourable specimen of its class, owes none of its attractions to Mr. Gilbert, but much to Mr. Foster. There is the same agreeable refined conventionality as ever in his designs, the same harmonious arrangement of hill and tree and cloud, and all the ordinary features of a pleasing landscape. In a pretty view of a moonlit churchyard, Mr. J. Hill shows how easily this style may be imitated. The other contributions of this artist are of inferior merit. From a certain roughness of handling, as well as from our unacquaintance with the names of the designers, we are led to infer that most of the illustrations are of American origin. As works of art these are decidedly inferior to Mr. Foster's; but there is a raciness and individuality of expression about them which could not be reasonably expected from strangers to the country illustrated. Some of the figure pieces are especially interesting for this, if for no other reason; and Mr. Cropsey's view of a forest clearing is a perfect poem, suggestive alike of the grandeur of human toil with its felled and prostrate trees, and of the silent dignity of nature with its illimitable perspective of yet unprofaned wilderness.

Considered in a literary point of view, this volume is just passable. There are many pleasing pieces; but, except Edgar Poe's wild fantasia "The Bells," not one which has any claim to rank as a work of genius. Emerson, who alone shares with Poe the honour of originality, is not represented at all; and the compiler's taste must have been somnolent indeed if it could really see nothing in Bryant, Longfellow, or Buchanan Read more worthy of selection than the pieces we are presented with here. Nevertheless, the bulk of the collection is sufficiently agreeable. The introductory notices will be found useful. We certainly were not previously aware of the Transatlantic origin of such popular melodies as "Home, sweet home," and "O woodman, spare that tree."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS.

Photographs of the Cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. By Messrs. CALDESI and MONTECCHI. London: Colnaghi and Co.

THE DEVELOPMENT of the higher uses of photography has been but slow, as compared with the ordinary purposes to which it is so extensively applied. Great and almost insuperable difficulties have interfered to prevent its use as a means of reproducing fine pictures for popular circulation. These difficulties have not been overcome sufficiently to insure success in all cases; but the lack of appreciation and knowledge of the finest works of art amongst photographers and the public must be in great part the reason that greater efforts have not been made to render it available. When its more general use combines with the better cultivated taste of the people to encourage the publication of photographs from the works of the great masters, the art will attain an importance second only to painting. The praise and credit of the first attempt and perseverance in opening for photography this exalted mission, must be accorded to Messrs. Caldesi and Montecchi, and the firm who in this success have added to their ancient reputation as publishers of the best prints from the best works. Pursuing their success at the Manchester Exhibition, they now offer to the public the series from the seven celebrated Cartoons, in three different sizes, and full-size studies of some of the finest heads. They are in truth the most excellent and perfect, as they are also the largest photographs hitherto published in England. The care, skill, judgment, and mechanical appliances used in their production must be, we should think, unequalled. They literally—for, the originals having almost entirely faded, colour is not to be required—place before us the Cartoons themselves. They at first sight impress us more than do the famous originals, for, although reduced in size, nothing is lost: the light and the delicate detail of parts, the feeling of the countenances, the motives of the figures, and the whole force of each composition are preserved and brought within easier comprehension. The Cartoons, it will be remembered by all who have seen them, are not only hung in a darkened room, but bear the marks of the unfortunate vicissitudes they have passed through, and their faded state and large size militate against the complete enjoyment of them until their beauties have been selected and separately dwelt upon. Indeed, beyond these causes there are others which forbid, as Sir J. Reynolds and others have stated, the appreciation of not only these, but others of the great works of Raphael at first sight. They demand study and comparison before they can be understood. This process of the mind is greatly aided by the reduced scale of the photographs, and we believe will assist those who see them to comprehend the fine invention of Raphael as much as a day of toilsome study at Hampton Court. And what treasures to preserve! Correct fac-similes of works that have been deemed by painters and writers of all countries, from the time of their production, to be the finest efforts of the best time of the divine Raphael! For their recovery, when left at the tapestry works at Arras, Rubens undertook a journey, and induced Charles I. to purchase them. Afterwards Cromwell commanded their purchase for the nation; some noblemen interfered to prevent Charles II. from selling them to Louis XIV.; William III. employed Sir Christopher Wren to build a room for them at Hampton Court; and at that time the first Englishman who wrote of them (Richardson) thanked God he lived near such an invaluable blessing—an opinion universally concurred in until the advent of John Ruskin, who devotes a chapter of his "Modern Painters" to prove that the "Christ's Charge to Peter" ought not to be admired by evangelical Christians. Many critics have considered them better pictures, in all the qualities that give perfection,

than the great frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican; and reasonable grounds for the cause of this are furnished by one of our best living writers on art. He says: "At the time Raphael was commissioned to prepare them, the fame of Michael Angelo's ceiling in the same chapel they were destined to adorn was at its height; and Raphael, inspired with a noble emulation, his practice matured by the execution of several frescoes in the Vatican, treated these new subjects with an elevation of style not, perhaps, equalled in former efforts. The highest qualities of these works are undoubtedly addressed to the mind as vivid interpretations of the spirit and letter of Scripture; but as examples of art they are the most perfect expressions of that general grandeur of treatment in form, composition, and draperies, which the Italian masters contemplated from the first, as suited to the purposes of religion and the size of the temples destined to receive such works. In the Cartoons this greatness of style, not without a due regard to variety of character, pervades every figure, and is so striking in some of the Apostles, as to place them on a level with the Prophets of Michael Angelo." Now none of these qualities are missed in these extraordinary photographs: as we do not feel the loss of colour, so neither is the noble dignity, the elevated character and grandeur of the men-figures, the excited interest and graceful feeling of the females, and the variety in the groups, and the pervading grace and tenderness of the scenes, looked for in vain, and quickly as much of this becomes apparent the more intent examination reveals each in more entrancing vigour. The well-known engravings of the Cartoons by Burnet, or indeed any copy of them by hand, however skilled, must appear superseded by the truth of these photographs. Their even tone and perfect keeping, with marvellous retention of the light and shade demands ungrudging admiration, and are particularly noticeable in the "Healing of the Lame Man at the Beautiful Gate," and "The Sacrifice at Lystra." The broad effect in "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," and the vigour and force in "Paul Preaching at Athens," are reproduced strongly in the photographs.

The large separate heads are most vigorous, and not exaggerated or in any way distorted, and exemplify the highest point photography has reached. We must always feel admiration and respect for those who devote numbers of years, and often the most refined taste and ability in art, to the production of a line engraving from an old master; but in view of such works as these, essentially different as they are, we feel that the greater motive for line engraving, the accuracy and feeling which make its use as a memorandum of a picture, is taken away. Unless the art can hold its ground by virtue of its own peculiar qualities, photography must sweep it away as surely as steam displaces windmills.

THE LAST SUPPER.

The Last Supper. By LEONARDO DA VINCI. Wood Engraving. London: J. S. Virtue.

THIS IS a cheap wood engraving, of the largest size, of the great work of Leonardo, from the engraving of Morghen. The famous painting at Milan has almost perished; and but for D'Oggione's copy of it, now in the Royal Academy, no true realisation of what it was when first painted could be gained. But its fame as one of the most remarkable works of the Italian school is world-wide, and the great number of prints of it has made it the most commonly known picture in the world. The engraving from which this publication has been copied, although generally allowed to be the best, would not satisfy, from its want of vigour, those who have studied the wonderful heads of Leonardo; but this wood engraving is a most careful reproduction of it, and if the head of Christ is somewhat blank, and wanting in the mingling of the sorrows and feelings so observable in the original, other heads are all that could be desired, and the dramatic interest of the picture can be enjoyed from this print. We thank the publisher for its publication, since it is the best version of the picture obtainable within the means of the mass of the people, who, we believe, will admire and study it; and such a work cannot fail to raise the taste of those who once appreciate it. If a short history of the painting and a key or description of the picture could be issued with it, a better comprehension of it would be ensured. The engraving is of good modern quality as a wood engraving, and well worthy of glazing; and we hope the demand for it will encourage an issue of similar ones from other great works.

Deborah's Diary: a Sequel to "Mary Powell." (Hall, Virtue, and Co.)—The authoress of "Mary Powell" is as fresh and quaint and charming as ever in this her nineteenth work, according to the publisher's list prefixed. Deborah, out of whose diary we are presented with some choice passages, is of course one of the Miss Miltons, daughter of the Mary Powell with whom we formerly made acquaintance, and her father's favourite amanuensis. The Diary commences February 17, 1665, and introduces us to the poet and his family, while residing in Bunhill Fields. The "Paradise Lost" was then rapidly approaching its completion, and Deborah was often called up o' nights by her father to pen down the inspirations of his genius. The stepmother, Milton's third wife, née Elizabeth Minshull, was at that time absent upon a visit to her friends. She is represented to us as somewhat of a shrew, and not at all capable of appreciating the lofty endowments of her poet-husband. On the approach of the plague Milton and his family take refuge in the pleasant village of Chalfont, in Bucks, where the poet completes his grand work. There is then a break in the Diary until October 1666, when we find the family back again in Bunhill Fields, after the great fire, and Deborah lamenting the change from Chalfont "to this unlucky capital, looking as desolate as Jerusalem, when the city was ruined and the people captivated. Weeds in the streets, smouldering piles, blackened, tottering walls, and inexhaustible heaps of vile rubbish." The work concludes with a "Post Scriptum," dated Spitalfields, 1680, in which the diarist describes herself as the spouse of a Spitalfields weaver, but yet happy and contented, "sitting by my clear coal fire, in this little oak-panelled room, with a clean though coarse cloth neatly laid on the supper-table, with covers for two," and her two little children calmly sleeping in a room above. Such is *Deborah's Diary*, brief but suggestive, introducing us to the poet when "fallen on evil days," blind

and comparatively poor, but rejoicing in his inward light and building up his mighty epic, which he knew would eventually secure him everlasting fame; introducing us also to his Quaker friend Elwood, his nephew Ned Phillips, behind whom Deborah rides down to Chalfont; also to Mr. Skinner, Dr. Paget, and others of the poet's friends, who formed the "fit audience though few" of his lofty thoughts.

The Minister's Wooing. No. I. By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. (Sampson Low.)—It is impossible to do more than offer a general opinion upon this very small instalment of a new work by Mrs. Stowe. The sample is a good one, and the book seems likely to develop the same spirit of Methodism which shone through "Uncle Tom" and "Dred." Further notice must be deferred until it is before us in its entirety. It may be observed, however, that the publishers have done well in producing it in a form and at a price which render it accessible to the poorest.

Struggles in Falling. By HENRY JOHN LESTER. (Bentley.)—Though this be but a small tale, it has certainly much more of deep and abiding interest than is generally to be found in modern novels. The career of Charles Vesey is intended as a warning to those who plan their lives after their own conceits and the gratification of their own passions. A brave, strong man, gifted with great natural abilities, such a course leads him into an abyss of misery, in which not even the advantages of wealth can afford any consolation. The character of Agnes Delmar, whom he loves, and whom a worldly mother would sacrifice by a *mariage de convenance*, is very finely drawn. Yet surely the vengeance which Vesey takes is a terrible one. Better were it for the poor girl to be so sacrificed than to be degraded as he degraded her. Better to lose happiness in this life and pay a daily penance for a great social sin, than to incur perdition in this world and—perhaps too the next.

Tales for the Twilight. By JOSEPH VEREY. (James Blackwood.)—This little volume, which in its title reminds us very much of "After Dark," by Mr. Wilkie Collins, consists, like that, of tales and contributions which have mostly appeared in print before. They are of average magazine quality, the first two being decidedly the best. Whether they were worth collecting and reprinting is another question.

Chemical, Natural, and Physical Magic. By G. W. SEPTIMUS PIESSE. (Longmans.)—A quaint-looking volume is this, which the author of the "Art of Perfumery" has produced "for the instruction and entertainment of juveniles during the holiday vacation," and very well calculated is it to serve such a purpose. The very binding has a suggestion of Christmas pantomime, with all its glamour in it, being of motley, arranged diamond-wise, like the coat of Harlequin himself. The portrait of the author is another surprise. Open the book, and you find a frame with a blank interior, nothing visible within it. Hold this to the fire, and presently the heat has coaxed out the lines of an engraved portrait, stamped with some chemical ink, which only makes itself visible under the coercive influence of fire; not a very remarkable work of art certainly, but very curious for all that. The tricks and Christmas games and diversions contained in the volume are perhaps not all new, yet is there more than the average quantity of originality. Altogether we may safely pronounce it to be one of the best manuals of parlour magic extant, and an invaluable aid to the Christmas entertainer.

Reissue of Scraps and Sketches. Part I. By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. (W. Kent and Co.)—The first instalment of a collection of some of George Cruikshank's best known humorous sketches, executed in the time when this great artist-humorist knew not Gough and had not perpetrated "The Bottle." As a matter of historical interest, displaying the progress of the national mind in these matters, these time-honoured sketches have their utility. As one turns over these pages and marks the strained and unnatural attitudes, the monstrous grotesqueness of expression, and the exaggerations of even the preposterous costumes of thirty years ago, a feeling of wonder at first seizes as to the amusement to be extracted from such matters. Here, however, are some of the time-honoured old Joes which have lasted even unto to-day. Here is the congress of washerwomen trying to scrub the nigger white—a subject for one of Hood's most humorous ditties. Here is the lawyer dividing the oyster, by keeping the fish for himself and handing a shell to either of the disputants. The only one of these sketches perhaps which represents a state of things not yet changed, is the melancholy debtor, pacing steadily under the shadow of that high wall, surmounted with spikes, and which is known as the boundary of her Majesty's prison in Southwark, whilst his more hardened or careless brethren in misfortune use the very means of their captivity as a medium for sport, and drive the bounding ball against its obduracy for lack of something better to occupy themselves withal. George Cruikshank is a humorist of the past, as Messrs. Leech and Bennett are of the present. The day of his popularity is well nigh over; yet it will be long ere we shall find such real though grotesque wit, united with such wonderful power of concentration; whilst goodness of heart and innocence of spirit are everywhere present.

The Book of Job: the common English Version, the Hebrew Text, and the Revised Version. With an Introduction and Critical and Philological Notes. By T. J. CONANT, Professor of Hebrew in Rochester Theological Seminary. (Trübner and Co.)—The importance of the movement in favour of a revised version of the Holy Scriptures can scarcely be overrated. Latterly we have not heard much about it; but the subject is one not unlikely to occupy the attention of Parliament in the forthcoming session. We have ourselves, on several occasions, spoken in favour of such a revision as should preserve both the phraseology and all that was truly valuable in the Authorised Version; for which, in common with all who advocate revision, we entertain the most profound veneration. Indeed, this seems to us the most sincere respect to the Authorised Version, to endeavour by successive revisions—say one in every century—to render it as perfect as possible. Among the revisionists out of this country the members of the "American Bible Union" have done the most in a co-operative way to advance this object, and the work before us offers a very fair specimen of their labours. Professor Conant is well known in the United States as an able Hebrew scholar; and his translation of the Book of Job is calculated to extend his reputation. The introduction, in which he speaks of the plan and structure of the Book of Job, and

combats the objections of some recent critics against the genuineness of certain chapters, is well worthy of notice. Mr. Conant then proceeds to examine "the design and teachings of the book," stating first the view entertained by Ewald on the subject, and afterwards that of Hengstenberg. Against each of these he has important objections to bring, and concludes with his own view, as follows: "Doubtless the sacred writer intended to portray a character marred by human imperfection. Job himself is represented as admitting repeatedly his inherited impurity and sins of life. A being in perfect harmony with God, incapable of these doubts and of the interior conflicts resulting from them, would have been wholly out of place as the hero in this drama of human life. How short-sighted, imperfect, sinful man, is to feel and to act in view of what is incomprehensible in God's government of the world; what is the ground of consolation to the devout soul under the overspreading and protracted reign of evil—this is the lesson of the book. It is given, as it must be to answer the beneficent end intended, through the experience of one whose infirmities made him a true representative of his race; while his sincere piety fitted him to apprehend the consolation, and to become the medium of transmitting the knowledge of it to his fellow men." Such an explanation appears to us both so obvious and simple, that we do not hesitate to recommend it to the attention of our readers.

Sabbath Morning Readings on the Old Testament. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. *The First and Second Books of Samuel.* (London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.)—*Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament; Gospels, Ephesians, and Philippians.* By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. (Hall, Virtue, and Co.)—Dr. Cumming continues his instructive readings on the Old and New Testaments, undismayed by that carping criticism which refuses to see good in anything that he does, because he has not done everything well. We have ourselves on many occasions felt it our duty to point out his errors when he has ventured into the arena of scholarship and criticism, and we have objected to his interpretations of the Apocalypse, as both irreverent in their tone and insulting to common sense; but in these "Readings" he comes before us as the simple, earnest minister of the Gospel, well skilled to explain the portions of Scripture under consideration, and to assist the reader in deriving from them those practical lessons which a proper study of God's word is always sure to afford. As in his other works, Dr. Cumming is here both eloquent, graphic, and fertile in illustration—his thoughts, if not very original, being always expressed in clear and graceful language.

The Inscription on the Cross as recorded by the Four Evangelists: a Sermon preached at St. Mary's in Oxford, before the University. By the Rev. COKER ADAMS, M.A., Fellow of New College. (Oxford: Parker.)—It is the object of this sermon to reconcile the differences that occur among the Four Evangelists in recording the words of the Inscription on the Cross, which was written in the three languages, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. Each of the Four Evangelists has recorded it differently, from which fact Dean Alford draws what he believes to be a strong argument against the verbal or literal inspiration theory. Mr. Adams, however, contends that, as it is certain that Luke wrote in Greek, he may have recorded the Greek words; that, as Matthew, according to the constant tradition, wrote in Hebrew, he may have recorded the Hebrew words; and that, as probably Mark wrote in Latin, he may have recorded the Latin words of the Inscription. St. John alone uses the additional words, "Jesus of Nazareth," which our author thinks may have been written separately above the others. This he conceives is a sufficient answer to Dean Alford's objection, which we certainly do not.

We have also received a new and cheap edition of Leigh Hunt's gossiping and instructive book *The Town* (Smith, Elder and Co.), with forty-five illustrations in woodcut. Thus the entire contents and all the illustrations of the former edition of two volumes are compressed, unabridged, into one, at a price to bring it within the reach of the slenderest purse.—*The Photographic Almanac for 1859* (William Lay), containing a great deal of matter useful to photographers.—*The Companion of Youth*, No. 1. (Kent and Co.), a new and very cheap periodical of the instructive kind, projected by these enterprising publishers.—*Cancer: its Successful Treatment without Operation.* By John Pattison, M.D. (Seale). A diagnosis of that fearful scourge already much circulated among the medical profession.—*The Lamp*, a new series of a well-known periodical.—*The Bulwark*, No. XCI. (Seeleys.)

The Magazines.—Of the Magazines which have already reached us, it may be noted that *Fraser's* heralds the new year with a number of more than ordinary interest and power. G. J. Whyte Melville, the author of "Digby Grand," begins a capital story under the title of "Holloway House, a Tale of Old Northumberland." To this succeeds an incisively critical article "Concerning the Art of Putting Things: being Thoughts on Representation and Misrepresentation"—an essay to be meditated upon by the critics and leading-article writers of the day. There is a well-written and highly eulogistic criticism on Mr. Gladstone's work on "Homer," and an article on a chest full of old MSS. dramas, supposed to have once belonged to Drury Lane Theatre, and to have been pawned by Sheridan, such as will make many a dramatic dilettante's mouth water. A learned and gossiping disquisition upon Mushrooms; an essay upon "Furniture Books," meaning thereby the illustrated editions of modern fashions; some fine stirring verses by Kingsley, entitled "The Knight's Leap at Altenahr;" and a retrospective review of the famous "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum;"—such are the leading features of one of the best numbers of any magazine we have read for some time past.—*The Dublin University Magazine* has also a capital number, opening with an appreciative and analytical article on Dr. Arnold; this is followed by a review of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great;" an anecdote of the Duke of Wellington in Chantrey's studio; an article on William Tell, by Professor de Véricour; and a review of M. de Montalembert's pamphlet on the Indian debate, form the staple of the number.—*Titan* opens with a capital and rational article, tracing the degeneracy of the modern youth of France to the pernicious influence of a certain class of its literature. There is an excellent tale called "Two Christmas Times;" "A Chapter on Recent Poetry;" a continuation of "Behind the Scenes in Paris," and some miscellaneous articles. Altogether a very readable number.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

THE YEAR has been gathered to its fathers. Days ago the *ci-gît* was written by the wits of Paris—Here lies 1858. She was born the 1st of January, and died of cold on St. Sylvestre, the 31st of December. Her end was peace, *pain d'épice*, and the bolting of prison doors against the entrance of De Montalembert. She had her four seasons like all the years that have gone before her. She counted seven comets, removed many blocks of stone, planted many trees around the Bourse and on the Boulevards. Her inconsolable daughter continues to occupy herself with the embellishments of Paris. The inconsolable daughter truly! If she treads in the footsteps of her mother, every ancient landmark will disappear, and Paris will be the most modern town in Europe after Birkenhead. She is about to remove the statue of Molière, which now stands over a fountain frequented by *commissionnaires* and *gamins*, bordering the Rue de Richelieu. The Muse is not partial to water, notwithstanding all that has been said and sung of the fountain of Parnassus. The statue will be placed nearer the vintages of the sunny South, by the entrance to the Théâtre Français, its most proper position perhaps. The inconsolable daughter intends also to remove the obelisk of Luxor from the Place de la Concorde; but at present she is rather puzzled where to put it. There is no yard for old stores within the walls of Paris. A beneficent imperial decree may reduce it into slabs for mantle-pieces to furnish St. Cloud or Compiègne. But if the old year is departing, we are preparing to greet the new year. We are all sycophants, and seek to worship the rising sun. From the Madeleine all along to the Place de la Bastille, and on both sides of the Boulevards, are to be seen a congeries of wooden structures, of the most primitive character, which will maintain their inch of ground, or pavement, for fifteen days to come. These booths are well stocked with toys of every description, from a penny whistle or penny doll, to a guinea fiddle or melodious prima donna. There are sweets for the sweet-mouthed, and confectionary temptations for old and young. There are no fools, saith the proverb, like old fools; and at this season they abound like the berries on the bough of mistletoe. We have not "Aunt Sally" by name, but we have her representatives. Deposit a *sou* on the humble counter, and with cross-bow or rifle you may knock the pipe out of her mouth if you can. If you are clever with such weapons, you may extinguish the devil's eyes, which blaze in yonder tent, for two sous. Small plaster images, including Judas Iscariot and other sinners, may be smashed with pellets of clay, at the rate of a centime a shot. If you are dry after your labours, you may drink strange compounds of cocoa and "make-believe" sherbet at a price you are ashamed to mention. You may indulge equestrian propensities in the Champs-Élysées, on a Bucephalus, by paying a penny for ten rounds of the roundabout. Paterfamilias does not feel himself ridiculous upon a wooden pony, armed with a dagger, essaying to pierce the ring, so as to cause a cake of gingerbread or gilded cradle to descend through a spout to gratify the offspring of his own, who are mounted by his side on spotted Arabians with white manes and black flowing tails. The Lord of Misrule is everywhere. The *jour de l'an* is the grand day of French dissipation. The contents of the money-box are dissipated. Compliments are lavished. Civilities are scattered about as if they cost nothing. It is safe on this day to tread on one's corns. It is safe to ask the money lender to do a small bill at something under a hundred per cent. It is safe to ask the *patron* of the wine-shop whether he does not avail himself bountifully in his *cave* of Seine water. It is safe to joke with M. Tricorne, and a child may play with his moustache. The lion lies down with the lamb, and, for the nonce, the suckling may play with the cockatrice. This is the grand day of reconciliation. Cousins, at war over an absurd will, embrace. Things will go on more pleasantly; so they hope. The *mésalliance* is not a *mésalliance* after all. The young bride has charms. She bent her head so modestly at the Madeleine or St. Roch. The uncle who has been as sour as crabs smiles his benediction. From hand to hand pass presents. You must not forget the *conciergerie*. He or she can make you very uncomfortable. It costs but a clay pipe or a muslin cap. You go to the theatre, it is late; the *conciergerie* admits you. The *conciergerie* can keep the dust from the door; and the *conciergerie* may sell you. Keep peace with the porter or portress. It is astonishing how far a cigar or a box of bonbons will go with a Parisian. With an ounce of sugar you can find the way to his heart. It is better to quarrel with the Pope and his Cardinals than with the *conciergerie*.

Literature takes the tone of the season. It is pre-eminently light and easy. The pun sparkles; but it cannot be translated. Wit moves within a very narrow circumference. Humour has no bounds; but the French are not humorous. Humour never makes the French heart bound. It never draws a tear into the eye. Humour is not a broad grin, but heart speaking to heart, and a lesson made out of a coffin-lid even.

Here, eating and drinking on festive occasions is not so much the rage as amusement. The palate may be tickled. We are not indifferent to creature comforts; far from it. Every Parisian would

indulge in truffles and Beaune if the purse would run to it; but the eye and the ear may be gratified at a cheaper rate than the stomach. The French are, on the whole, an abstemious people. They have what was attributed to a former M.P. for Middlesex—a "saving grace." They are frugal and parsimonious, and their parsimony looks ugly in English eyes. In need, in sickness, they will succour you. They will do more than help the lame dog over the stile. But they are, to an Englishman's notions, fearfully stingy. They are not "jolly dogs." The *ménage* is conducted with more than workhouse rigour. Don't indulge in a previous glass of bitters or absinthe if, in the ways of Providence—always dark and obscure—you are invited to a Frenchman's table. Of course I speak not of the opulent, who may dissolve pearls in the gravy, but of the average Frenchman who has his three or four thousand francs a year. The dinner takes away your appetite, not on account of the quality, but of the quantity. Really you are afraid to eat. An English stomach, whetted by the breezes of the Batignolles or Chaillot, would consume the entire contents of that dainty little tureen. The sole is a mouthful; the cutlet—it is annoying that where the *carte* mentions some twenty dishes, you rise from the table and feel hungry. It may be your own fault, your bashfulness; but at this richly-spread table you can never read the humble legend, "Cut and come again." It is written in recent statistics that in 1812 the Frenchman on the average consumed annually 34lbs. of animal food only; the consumption at present is equal to 108lbs. per annum for every mouth in France. This is not only a great, but a significant fact. Yet we in France are far behind you in England as *carnivore*. Workhouse diet in London allows 136lbs. of animal food to each inmate. I shall sketch you the ordinary mason in Paris. He is one of the better sort. His wages are three francs a day, and he works on Sunday till one o'clock. He is the equivalent in position to a bricklayer in London. At six in the morning he is on his way to work, with an immense hunch of bread under his arm, from which he pares slices with a knife which may have been manufactured by the Esquimaux. The wine-shop does not open now until six in the morning. He enters the Soleil d'Or, or his special haunt, and demands, for two sous, his *canon* of white wine—third rate Chablis. He steeps a morsel of bread in the wine, which probably he has first watered, and swallows it with gusto. This is his first breakfast. About eleven o'clock you may see him with the remainder of his hunch of bread on the way to the *traiteur*, to have his second breakfast. A basin of *bouillon* is the order; or, if the finances are in a flourishing state, it may be a *potage* of macaroni, which is a step above cabbage soup. The loaf is broken in fragments into the soup, which, under the worst of circumstances, savours of garlic. The man is happy. He orders his *canon*—this time it is the *vin rouge*. He lights his pipe and sips his wine, and enjoys the latter perhaps more than do those in the Rue Lafitte, who can command the vintages of the comet year 1811. After the soup he may have a portion of beef stewed to a rag. Let us see. His breakfast, wine included, costs fourpence-halfpenny; add the tobacco, and fivepence is the sum total. But, poor fellow, the second breakfast is his dinner. When night falls he trudges home to his evening meal of coffee, or the eternal soup. He is always as clean as his occupation will admit of. He blacks his shoes of a morning. He does not greatly patronise the barber, except upon *fête* days; but he is never ragged in his garments. They are blue and thin; but his wife or his mate feminine takes care that he shall not go forth in tatters. His amusements are dominoes, *écarte*, and the threepenny gallery of the playhouse. He is very happy; swears strange oaths when a stray *petit verre* gets into his head; fights with his toes or open hand; makes much pother and bother in his cabaret campaign; and, as they say in the latitude of Whitechapel, "sings small" when the policeman makes his appearance. He saves money, and has a small hoard in the roof of his garret, or in the *Mairie*, which is a safer deposit. The French workman never begs. As times go, it must be his own fault if he cannot have his diurnal soup, *canon*, and tobacco. The police interfere greatly with his song-singing. At the *bal*—an expense, by-the-by, which I have not reckoned—he has the music of clarionet, bugle, and violin, very loud and very discordant. This is the treat of the Sunday evening. Fivepence English admits him to the gay saloon with his partner, to enjoy the quadrille or polka. Of the fivepence he receives in kind a cake or a potation. The man is happy, and does not ferment his brain with politics. As to eating, the *Réforme Agricole* furnishes a curious statistic as regards England and France. In England there are twenty million inhabitants; in France there are thirty-five millions. In England there are sixteen million head of cattle; in France there are only ten millions. In England there are sixty millions of sheep; in France, thirty-two millions. In England manure is spread equal to the keep of nineteen sheep for every two and a half acres. In France the manure spreading is for the keep of two sheep only. An English acre yields to a French acre in the proportion of twenty to eleven. In England each inhabitant has, on the average, more than half an ox of the age of two years, and nearly three sheep. The Frenchman has not quite one third of an ox, killed at from eight to ten years of

age, and not one sheep. Here we finish. Comparisons are not necessarily odious. May there ever be peace between Jean Crapeaud and John Bull!

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Histoire de la Revolution, &c. (History of the French Revolution. By M. LOUIS BLANC.) Vol. X. Paris: Pagnerre, &c. 1858.

THE END APPROACHES of Louis Blanc's history of the *revolution mère*, the "mother revolution," as the French, in their unhappy plenitude of such phenomena, discriminatingly style the memorable convulsion which dates from 1789. According to the original programme, there were to have been but ten volumes. Here is the tenth, and the oft-told tale is still incomplete. We have arrived, however, at the June of 1794. Robespierre, finally triumphant, is on the point of tottering to his fall. A few weeks more, and the 9th of Thermidor ends the Reign of Terror. Another volume, and in all probability this long task of Louis Blanc's will be finished.

It is not premature, then, to pronounce upon the merits of a work of which so much has been, and so little remains to be, published. Louis Blanc's will take, we think, a high, and in some respects the highest, place among extant French histories of the Revolution. It is needless now to speak of the once famous performances of Thiers and Mignet. They are out of date, were it only through the amplitude of new material which has come to light since they were written, not to speak of the rigid fatalism of theory which never allows the clear and compact narrative of either to rise into warm and living history. It is with the works of Lamartine and Michelet much more than with the icy chronicles of Thiers and Mignet that Louis Blanc's challenges comparison. Now, in literary power, indeed in all the qualities which constitute what is called genius, Louis Blanc must be deemed—and he doubtless would be among the first to proclaim a consciousness of the fact—inferior to his two celebrated contemporaries. He has nothing of the oratorical glow of Lamartine, nothing of Michelet's pictorial power and quaintly-grandiose originality of expression. But the works of Lamartine and Michelet more resemble eloquent and vivid commentaries on the French Revolution than exact and detailed histories of the ever-memorable phenomenon. Louis Blanc no doubt has, as well as Michelet and Lamartine, his strongly-marked personal and political prepossessions. But they are so naively and frankly expressed, that the reader, as he proceeds, easily makes allowance for them, and need never be misled by them. Lamartine and Michelet seem to take it for granted that their readers are well acquainted with the facts of the Revolution. Louis Blanc is an ample and complete narrator, as well as a commentator. As a history of facts and incidents, Louis Blanc's must therefore be accounted a much more useful work than those of his gifted predecessors. Most of this merit must be ascribed to the plan on which he has written; something of it, however, is due to circumstances. Exile, strange to say, has placed within the reach of the latest historian of the French Revolution materials with which Paris itself could not have furnished him. Louis Blanc has explored that unique and enormous mass of French revolutionary literature which lies in the library of the British Museum, and almost every page of his work bears testimony to the value of the hitherto unwrought mine, and the industry of the miner. Luckily, too, the strong prepossessions of the writer are overborne by the nature of his intellect. Louis Blanc is a born chronicler, in the old sense of the word. He loves facts and details, giving them so fully and fairly that we can educe a philosophy of history for ourselves. Perhaps he was originally intended, as poor Camille Desmoulins said of himself, "to write verses," and only accident and circumstances have made him a revolutionist. Whether or not, he has the mirror-like nature which characterised poets in the olden time, when the epic and dramatic elements were not, as now, absorbed by the lyrical. Of his clear, lucid, graceful style, his faculty of arrangement, and artless art of narrative, readers of the "*Histoire de dix Ans*" need not be reminded. Louis Blanc, moreover, is emphatically *bon enfant*. Even in this country, where a discriminating criticism of foreign politicians is rare, he is seldom confounded, in spite of his antecedents, with the Ledru Rollins and other similar personages. It may seem strange, but it is true, that Louis Blanc's *bonhomme* of nature never shone forth more clearly than in this volume, the conscious aim of which is to glorify Robespierre and the Reign of Terror. Louis Blanc cannot be truculent even if he would. His heart throbs on the alert to correct the errors of his head. He needed but the gift of humour to be the Camille Desmoulins of France in the nineteenth century, though we know not whether he will thank us for the intimation.

It is the history not of "ten years" but of ten months, from the autumn of 1793 to the summer of 1794, that is told in this volume of nearly five hundred pages. The incidents and events of the period, external to the metropolis are of importance: the extinction of the Vendean civil war; the recapture of Toulon from the English, in which Napoleon first distinguished himself; the *noyades* of Nantes; the *usillades* of Lyons—some of them glorious, others merely horrible and execrable, are all memorable and historical. But the highest interest of the tremendous drama is concentrated in Paris itself. To those ten months belongs Robespierre's rupture with the Hebertists, and, still more important, that with Danton, issuing in the execution of the latter. It has always seemed to us that the true crisis of French politics, after the execution of the King, lay not in the condemnation of the Girondins, but in the destruction of Danton. From the

nature of the case, the Girondins were sure to perish in a revolution which they had neither the intellect nor the energy to control. It was otherwise with the "Mirabeau of the Sansculottes," as Danton has been called, the great master of the art of daring, from whose passionate voice went forth the inspiration that quickened France to hurl back the armies of the European coalition. When not only the genial and witty Camille Desmoulins but the "Titanic" Danton protested against the Reign of Terror, there was a possibility that this might be closed without the triumph of reaction. The inaction and vacillation of Danton at the crisis of his own and France's history is one of the strangest biographical phenomena of the Revolution. It was ready for action, with his deeply-laid plans ripe for execution, full of ardour and hope, that Mirabeau was stricken by mortal disease, and the history of France was transformed. But the doom of the "Mirabeau of the Sansculottes" was pronounced by man and not by heaven; he had distinct warning of it, but he scarcely sought to evade it, and with folded arms accepted what was far from inevitable. There was needed but a fraction of Danton's former audacity to overthrow Robespierre and "the Terror." Both fell, not long afterwards, before much less intrinsically formidable foes. In the present volume the trial of Danton is excellently told, with some important corrections of prior accounts.

Robespierre, as we have already hinted, is the hero of M. Louis Blanc, who paints him as occupying a *juste milieu* between the ultra-terrorists on the one hand, represented by men like Collot d'Herbois and Fouché, and that "party of mercy" on the other which, much to its own surprise, found itself suddenly recruited by Danton, the "hero" of the September massacres, and Camille Desmoulins, in former years the self-styled "Procureur-Général de la Lanterne." After describing the chiefs and policy of the Ultra-Terrorists, Louis Blanc proceeds as follows:

As a counterpoise to a party like this, the strength of which was increased by the delirium of the public, certainly Robespierre, supported by Saint Just and Couthon, was not too powerful.

Nevertheless, they did not mean that the Revolution should push its hatred of excesses to an effeminacy which would leave it disarmed in the presence of so many enemies eager for its destruction. They wished it (the Revolution) to be calm, just, even indulgent, in the case of those who had only gone astray; but, as long as the battle lasted, and in relation to the leaders of factions, they wished it to be vigilant and firm.

There was the line of demarcation between them and the Dantonists.

The latter, in a fit of generous rebellion, with which was blended a sentiment of lassitude, passed suddenly from one extreme to the other—Danton dragged along by his easy nature, the flexibility of his principles, and his leaning towards magnanimity; Philippeaux, by the transports of an honest and sincere nature, suddenly become the prey of a blind hatred; and Camille Desmoulins, by the goodness of his heart, combined with the levity of a child.

One word expressed what Hebertism then was: TERROR. The Robespierrists opposed to it the word JUSTICE; and the Dantonists the word CLEMENCY. The whole struggle which we are about to describe is in these few lines.

The Robespierrists representatives of "Justice!"—in capital letters too! It corroborates what we have said of M. Louis Blanc's innate honesty of character and careful accuracy as a chronicler, that we have but to turn to the account of the trial of Danton to find the historian's own facts and comments loudly impugning the correctness of this generalisation. In the course of the memorable trial (described here with graphic vivacity) Danton and his co-accused summoned, as witnesses for the defence, sixteen members of the Convention, duly furnishing a list of their names. Even the public prosecutor, the famous and infamous Fouquier-Tinville, could not bring himself to ignore this just and legal demand, and he wrote a letter to the Convention, informing that body of the requisition made by the prisoners, and concluding with the words: "We invite you to trace for us definitively a rule for our guidance, as judicial procedure does not furnish us with any means of justifying a refusal." Saint-Just appears in the tribune of the Convention. Saying not a word about the demand for witnesses, he announces that the public prosecutor has reported that "the revolt of the guilty had caused the proceedings of justice to be suspended." Whereupon the Convention passes a decree, the result of which was that the accused, as a body, were condemned unheard. These are the facts. M. Louis Blanc comments upon them with candid and creditable indignation. "Infamous falsehood!" he exclaims. "In the letter there was no mention of revolt. Why was not this letter read? At least the Convention ought to have been informed of what the accused demanded. But no; not a word of the object of their demands, and of the list of deputies whom they wished to be examined as witnesses. Never was there a more criminal omission; never did reticence more closely resemble assassination. His conduct on this occasion is an everlasting blot on the name of St.-Just." So much for the "justice" of the Robespierrists, in detail, *teste* Louis Blanc himself.

St.-Just, however, was not Robespierre, although not only a Robespierrist, but one of the three representatives of the party which, according to M. Louis Blanc (in one passage), wished the Revolution to be "calm, just, indulgent." And there is no palpable proof in the pages before us that Robespierre was privy to the "unworthy lie" and "the reticence closely resembling assassination," which sent his old friends and fellow-workers Danton and Camille Desmoulins to the tomb. But let us glance at the closing chapter of the volume, dealing with the celebrated Law of the 22nd Prairial (10th June 1794), which M. Louis Blanc himself speaks of as "the special work of Robespierre," and as "presented by him through Couthon" (the remaining member of the Triumvirate representative of "Justice"), "without having previously communicated it to his other colleagues of the Committee of Public Safety." By this precious piece of legislation, perhaps the most shameless ever broached in a civilised country, the

movement of the Revolutionary Tribunal was to be quickened and the hands of Fouquier Tinville and his satellites strengthened. Two of its provisions may be stated. In no case was the (politically) accused person to be allowed counsel, and in every case the judge might dispense with witnesses. On the "report" made to the Convention respecting this infamous law (which was forthwith carried) and the first of these two nefarious provisions, let us hear M. Louis Blanc himself:

This report was not devoid of ability. But what monstrous sophisms! What! because the unfortunate were not always provided with counsel, the assistance of counsel was to be refused in every case. What! because forms sometimes served to shelter the guilty, the protection they afford must be denied to the innocent. And what meant the conclusions drawn from the difference between the crimes which endanger society and those which affect individuals only? When Justice is invoked, the first question is to know, whatever be the enormity of the crime, if he who is accused be really guilty. What do I say? The more enormous the crime, the more careful and scrupulous should we be in verifying it; because in this case, if the innocent succumb, the calamity is all the more frightful and the injustice more flagrant. In what, then, differed the logic of Robespierre and of Couthon from that which at all bad periods has produced exceptional tribunals, Star-chambers, military commissions, and converted justice into a tyranny intensified by hypocrisy.

But enough. From the passages which we have quoted the reader will have seen that Louis Blanc's exaltation of Robespierre has not blinded him to justice and common sense. The charge of Robespierreism which has been brought against him, and which will prevent many from reading what is in some important respects the best French history of the Revolution, is, it is evident, only partially true, although we must avow that he has himself to blame if it has been made at all. Nor, if Robespierre and his friends are frequently blamed, are the enemies or victims of his policy unfairly or sweepingly condemned. In the present volume, for instance, indignant protests are recorded against the execution both of the scientific Lavoisier and of Louis XVI's sister, Madame Elizabeth, for whose death it does seem clear, and on royalist testimony too, that Robespierre was not responsible, nay, it is proved that he wished her to escape. The characters of Danton and Camille Desmoulins are sifted with a judicial impartiality very little resembling that of the tribunal which condemned them, and all the more commendable that M. Louis Blanc thinks (or thinks he thinks) their death necessary to the progress of the revolution. One chapter, we must confess, has disappointed us considerably, all the more that its subject is peculiarly congenial to a social theorist of M. Louis Blanc's school. We refer to that in which is described the dearth of the winter of 1793-4, and the extraordinary plan pursued to mitigate its consequences. Some political economist should write the history of the famous "maximum" decreed throughout France by the Convention. M. Louis Blanc describes and praises the legislation which led to the establishment of a maximum price for every ordinary commodity; but he does not tell us how it worked in reality, and whether it effected its object. Perhaps, in another volume, he may gratify an inevitable curiosity.

AMERICA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Dec. 14.

A PUBLISHING HOUSE here is about to bring forward a volume which will, in the cant phrase of the day, inaugurate a new era for illustrated publications. The work which it is proposed to place before the public is a collection of photographic illustrations to Longfellow's latest poem, "Miles Standish." The photographs, eight or ten in number, are from drawings by an artist of German origin, J. W. Ehninger by name, who superintends the photographic process, and the general arrangement of the novel work. His designs are admirably conceived (to judge from the half-dozen I have already seen), and pleasingly executed. The photograph lends, of course, that peculiar depth and richness to the picture in which it excels the softest etching; and the artist who is to execute the copies avows himself confident of their durability. "At least," he says, "they will last a generation;" and in America what more can be asked? The present is a most unfavourable season for this undertaking, as only five hours per diem at most are available for the photographer, and every day of rain or snow brings everything to a standstill; but the publishers are bent on producing three hundred copies by New Year, when immense sales of costly gift books are made.

There is little of importance noteworthy in other quarters, as the publishing trade is engrossed in the preparation or sale of their holiday gift books, which in all the cities form so important a part of the December business; and scarcely any original books of especial merit or importance are in press. Mr. Prescott's third volume of the Reign of Philip II. was published last week by Phillips, Sampson, and Co., in Boston; but, as it will doubtless have reached England before this is published, there is little necessity of enlarging upon it. The same house are the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that great literary experiment which has just concluded its second volume. The success of a first-class magazine of this kind in the United States is gratifying and hopeful; it shows that a market, a taste, for elevated literature exists, side by side with the gross appetite for excitement which is the most prominent characteristic of the national mind. Magazines abound in the United States. New York, Boston, and Philadelphia teem with monthly publications "devoted to" this and to that—for ladies, and firemen, and masons, and children, and literary men; magazines with every variety of patriotic title and sounding

but fraudulent lists of contributors; magazines entirely original in their contents (few), and magazines made up of stealings from the London penny weekly papers (overwhelming many); but there is none which has ever aspired to a position equal to that held by the *Atlantic*. This periodical, however, although I believe it to be pecuniarily successful, suffers by the undue flavour of Boston pervading nine tenths of its articles. Fine-spun metaphysics (Yankee philosophy they call it in the South), dreaming descriptiveness, ideal articles largely preponderating over real, a certain inflation of thought beyond the proper tension of its texture—such are some of the characteristics which are suggested as repugnant to the readers of the Union extra-Massachusetts. To so great an extent is the Emersonianism of its conductors carried (James Russell Lowell is understood to be the principal editor), that, while the philosopher of Concord occasionally deigns to contribute an article or a poem to its pages, a more constant contributor possesses nearly every number with imitations of Emerson, the style of which is so close an aping of the Emersonian mannerism, that the uninitiated are carried away from the poverty of thought into a belief that the article is by the real Simon Pure. The author of these counterfeits is a clergyman in Massachusetts; but the articles (e. g., "The New World and the New Man," and "The Ideal Tendency") are usually attributed to Emerson.

The only two other magazines which are susceptible of being placed in competition with the *Atlantic* are *Harper's Monthly* and the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. The former is a publication issued by that well-known predatory firm, the Harper Brothers, who have created vast fortunes out of the sale of stolen works, and whose influence and bribes have over and over again borne the principal share in overthrowing an international copyright law. Their magazine has a prodigious circulation (175,000 copies, or more), and is undoubtedly one of the best popular periodicals in the English language. It was established in 1850, when magazines were few, and at the outset it was chiefly composed of stealings from British publications; but at present its articles are mainly original, and are, in part, very handsomely illustrated, with woodcuts. It is pre-eminently the American popular magazine, and fills its pages with sketches of travel (*résumés* of books published by the Harpers, thus serving also the purpose of advertisements), tales, poetry, and a chapter of contributed Joe Millerisms. Midway between these two magazines stands the *Knickerbocker*, less elevated in character than the *Atlantic*, and more so than *Harper's*. It is twenty-six years old, and is somewhat of the Fraserian style. It is considered almost a vital necessity by hundreds of "Knickerbocker" (i. e. old New York) families, which have taken every number since the first; and it enjoys, I believe, a circulation of some 10,000. Its articles are all original.

A very curious little document came to me from the Far West a day or two since—a document carrying the memory back to the days of Charles II. and his brother—for it was nothing other than a veritable newsletter, such as the *Courant* or the *Flying Post* might have been, but for the paper, typography, and contents! It is published (weekly) at St. Paul, Minnesota, price five cents, on a sheet of quarto letter paper, of which two pages are covered with matter, and the remainder left blank for writing. The heading assures me that it contains "A Correct Summary of the local News of the Week;" also that it was published on Saturday, November 27, 1858, and that it is Vol. I., No. 2. The contents I find to be—an editorial headed "Ourselves;" paragraphs relating to the ball season, a Philharmonic Society, the Land Office, Thanksgiving Day, a case of arson, a military company, railway matters, trade, lectures, a chess-club, politics, deaths, weather, money, meat, and business! On the whole a good five cents' worth, and handsomely printed too, "at that!" The idea of the publishers is, undoubtedly, that residents in Minnesota will use the newsletter in communications to their friends at the East, to whom it cannot fail to be interesting, as presenting so concise a summary of all there is of interest in the little city which has sprung up where a wilderness existed ten years ago.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

A NEW TRAGEDY, by the veteran poet Giovan-Batista Niccolini, who took leave of dramatic literature in a preface to his last publication (1847), and is now, almost an octogenarian, has naturally excited attention throughout the country where, during a great part of the present century, he has occupied so high a place, won by brilliant successes on the stage, and still more through the suffrages of those whose studies of Italian drama have been in private rather than in theatres, and who have carefully followed its recent developments. There is generally in Niccolini's tragedies an elevation of aim and sentiment, a dignity of diction, thoughtful patriotism, and the earnestness of a noble nature. His "Arnaldo da Brescia," the picture of an eventful epoch, momentous to the position and destinies of the two great mediæval potencies, the papal and imperial, is perhaps his finest work. "Giovanni da Procida" is a sternly vigorous, but almost repulsive, dramatisation of the Sicilian Vespers. "Ludovico il Moro" presents strikingly the point of transition between the ancient independence and a modern servitude of Italy, when the fatal scale was turned by the invasion of Charles VIII.; and in the "Filippo Srozi" we have a more highly-finished portraiture of a great character, inter-

woven with an historic tapestry representing the last struggles of republican freedom against the Medici in Florence. With such and other antecedents, the career of this writer has created a high standard by which he must consent to be estimated. It is not without some degree of pain that one finds the genius capable of the above-named performances prove unequal to itself; but respect be to his declining years, and in the sunset of an illustrious day may Niccolini ever enjoy, with the *magni nominis umbra*, "all that should accompany old age!"

"Marius and the Cimbrians" (*Mario e li Cimbri*) his new production, I must own, has left upon me impressions of regret that it should have been given to publicity, and the conviction that declining powers, feebleness struggling to recover former vigour, are the qualities most obvious in this five-act tragedy. It is, in fact, a simple sketch, where we may indeed recognise the master's hand, but with little attempt to interest by situation or development of character; sterile and rigid in the dialogue, where only the form of poetry is given to composition essentially prosaic; and only relieved from commonplaceness by occasional outbursts of feeling, whose expression is sometimes not without force, awakened by the love or ideas of national independence, the scorn of barbarian intrusion, the hatred of foreign domination. As generally the case when the poet sets before himself a theory instead of the realities of nature or passion, the characters move like mere symbols or personified principles, having no sense of individuality; and we rise from the perusal with only vague recollections of pompous but frigid declamation, conveying no truth of mind or feeling, but political dogmas or impatient denunciations against foreign opposition. But we must be satisfied, it seems, and accept this tragedy for what it is actually intended by the author and regarded by his greatest admirers—a political pamphlet in the metrical and dramatic form. Well-informed persons have assured the public that it is put forth, not so much with a view to literary or theatrical successes as for the profession of patriotic theories; that the venerable poet has quitted his retirement only to give the weight of his influence to a protest and an appeal.

In every page we may, therefore, expect to see (as is really the case) the intention to stimulate the feelings or excite the demonstrations of party. Marius is (we are assured) the King of Piedmont, alive or dead; the Cimbrians of course the Austrians, as some Italian journals did not scruple to announce in plain terms before this tragedy appeared. But is this consistent with the dignity of the poetic office? When the work of art is thus made subservient to the advocacy of a cause, must it not forfeit its true character, proving weak in regard both to its æsthetic and factitious qualities, because directed to no high ideal such as should be the aim of art in whatever form, and should be superior to all interests that are local, transient, or connected with partisanship. The "Marius," it is true, has good features of design and treatment, and with all the cold severity of Alfieri combines a freedom and boldness that reject altogether the absurd conventionalities to which the earlier dramatist subjected himself. But the shifting of scenery, the comprehending of periods and actions beyond the limits of those artificial unities now generally condemned, suffice not for allowing it to be classed with the more deeply thought drama, romantic in the higher sense of that term. That the cause which aims at delivering Italy from foreign occupation is a dignified and rational one cannot be denied; but the propriety of extending this one idea over a five-act tragedy, supposed to represent the epoch and genius of republican Rome, may well be disputed; neither is this idea as to the paramount importance of Italian independence an idea of the ancient Romans, nor the character of Marius, presented as the self-devoting champion of that cause, correspondent to the reality which Plutarch and others have transmitted to us. Italy's political literature and claims would probably lose nothing, rather gain increasing respect, if her patriotic sons would calmly consider not merely whether such and such a government be anti-national, or hateful because founded by strangers, but whether the modes of administration be just and conformable to enlightened principles.

A somewhat inflated and verbose preface introduces this tragedy, from the pen of the editor, Signor Gargioli, to whose care it seems to have been rather reluctantly consigned. "Granted to our prayers (is his manner of telling the story), often we had had the singular happiness of reading and re-reading, with the author, several MSS. of this dramatic composition, collating and transcribing with diligence, so that we became inspired with the ardent desire that all Italians should participate, through means of the press, in our ineffable delight. . . . Almost in each of the more illustrious States of Italy (he continues in a passage more to the point) we are arrested with Niccolini, to meditate poetically, guided by him, on one historic epoch or another; he has assembled the most important features of our story in his tragedies, and in them always dominates principally the great idea of Italian independence, menaced and subjected by Germans, by French, or by Spaniards." We might expect something of the poetic fire that lights the finest scenes of Niccolini's earlier works in some passages of the *Mario*, where the lyric alternates with the blank-verse composition; but here also prevails the same aridity of style and frigid exaggeration of meaning. The form of the chorus put into the mouths of Roman and Cimbrian soldiers little resembles that which Manzoni introduced with such magnificent effect, and is far less felicitous than that Niccolini himself has rendered important to the whole action and interest of his "Arnaldo da Brescia." The Romans declaim

in strophes scarcely above the commonplace as to idea, and rugged in versification; while the Cimbrians are made responsible for ferocities so absolutely in the brigand and cut-throat style, as to be below all poetic dignity. A scene in which a Barbarian mother and child take refuge after the battle in the cottage of a Roman, where they are tracked out and slain by the fiercely-despairing husband, who afterwards falls on his sword over their mangled bodies, is the only one where a female character has prominence, and is not in its horrors the least relieved by one touch of poetry. Murder on the stage is introduced under circumstances that revolt; whilst the stirring scenes of battle, that might have added to the historic truthfulness of the whole, are altogether omitted. As to plot or incident, there is really almost nothing: a few dialogues between patricians, and exclamatory passages among the populace; a few monologues from Marius, and parleys with the Cimbrian envoys, or with their king, who appears under an unpronounceable name; the choruses of the soldiery, and some hints of a battle behind the scenes—form the entire material of what may be called grouping, rather than incident, in these five acts. The following translation may give some idea of the concluding dialogue, which winds up the tragedy with nothing that resembles catastrophe, or concentrates the interest either as respecting events or characters:

Marius.—Ye sons of Rome, once more into my hands
The empire of the world ye have entrusted;
And from the lips of all I now am hailed
Deliverer of Italy! Subdued
Is now the vile Barbarian; law and order
Restored to bless the nations; Rome victorious,
Greeted around with songs of praise and triumph;
But yet remember, like the restless tide
Of a barbaric ocean, sweep the hordes
Of Cimbria, fiercely urging on its waves
Against us, like the rock they dash to break on.
That torrent let us turn back to its bed
Completely and for ever. Then shall rise
Cities where now are deserts, through your toils,
My countrymen. But listen to my counsels:
Be still united, like the firm-bound fœces—
Emblems of power: then shall the axe's stroke
Descend but on the guilty, never aimed
At Latian heads; then diadems shall lie
Beneath the feet of Rome; and one sole bond
Unite the human family for ever.

First Patrician.—All gifts of fortune will that proud man seize,
If to the height of power he attain;
As point his hopes. He shall not stand there long;
Raised howsoever high, the strength is mine
To hurl him from that summit.

Second Patrician.—When plebeians
Oppose patricians, must the base one yield;
Fortune befriends the great, and to the dust
Casts back the low-born. Wearied of subjection,
The multitude revolts, and spurns its leaders,
Rejoicing to behold them rendered equal
To its own baseness by adversity;
What once its hero, is its victim now.

First Patrician.—For me, I scorn the populace, and know
To punish and to crush who disobeys me.
Of them no fear can touch me: with a smile
I answer menaces, and with a signal
Disperse who dare oppose me.

Second Patrician.—On plebeians
Anger of mine descends not. Whom I punish
To my own height I raise; the vulgar crowd,
Like the earth's mud, I tread beneath my feet.
No need to find what scarce we step aside from.
The hour that summons to exterminate
Shall find me ready. Punishment shall come
At its due time—and never will men find
They can forget me.

Third Patrician.—Yes; let penalty
Be suffered, without wrath.

Second Patrician.—My aim is lofty.
The high and stern authority of old,
The unbending rigour that maintains, enforces,
Be to our law restored; and who derides it,
Let him still tremble. Let us gather now
In closer folds the fasces, but the axe
Upon their summit in all eyes must glitter.
Nor fear we, should occasion call, to stain
Its steel with blood illustrious. The base crowd,
Perhaps, may then exult; let it be humoured:
It has no sympathies for fallen greatness.

First Patrician.—The high intent who shall be found possessing
Strength to accomplish?

Second Patrician.—Tell me, sir, I pray you,
The name of him now passing.

First Patrician.—That is—Sylla.

We are informed on the last page that the representation of this tragedy is exclusively confided to the distinguished actor Tommaso Salvini. No one could estimate his talents more highly than myself; but I doubt whether even such an artist of the stage could secure for the *Mario* exemption from general disapproval, if from the worst condemnation of intolerable dullness. Possibly, indeed, a factitious interest might be awakened in some Italian public whose government might be so surprisingly liberal, or censorship so mild, as to sanction the performance, not by the characters but the allusions of this tragedy. And it is not long since the veteran poet received, in a Florentine theatre, an ovation especially referring to the political principles manifest through his tragedies. *Medea*, another of his works (I am assured little interesting or otherwise worthy), also of recent production, was brought out with temporary success; and, the author being present, tricolor ribbons, flowers, &c., were thrown, amidst enthusiastic vivas, into his box—much in the style of that celebrated triumph when Voltaire, at about the same venerable age as Niccolini, declared himself "smothered with roses."

THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

THE DRAMA.

WE GO ON USING the same word "pantomime" to express the theatrical Christmas pieces, although the subject matter is gradually assuming a totally different form from that which was originally attached to it. The slight scene, with a meagre fable, that introduced "Harlequin and Mother Goose," or "Harlequin Tell Truth," has been swelled into a small drama; and at least half a dozen scenes, all of them elaborate and two of them gorgeous, are expected before the harlequinade, which, at all but our oldest and grandest theatre, Drury Lane, has dwindled to the smallest portion of the entertainment. That change should come upon that which itself is all change is nothing remarkable; but it is well to note the gradual transformation of our public amusements, and to watch their effect. The simplicity of pantomime is gone, and with it much of its humour, but, we must also add, some of its coarseness. The pantomimes have become monstrous, and, with all the other excitements of the seasons, must help to consume, at an amazing rate, the tissue which Mr. Lewes tells us, in his "Physiology of Life," is burnt up at the rate of one twenty-fourth of each human being's weight in the twenty-four hours, even in ordinary existence. It would seem that at our Christmas rate of living some human beings would be entirely consumed; and we should imagine four hours of the Drury Lane pantomime, with all the excitements of the gallery, would equal a week's common rate of life. To live fast while we last is a great enjoyment, but a little more moderation would be wiser. Our ancestors, if slower, probably enjoyed themselves altogether more, and certainly the populace were more reasonable. This may appear paradoxical, as there is so much talk of the Schoolmaster's universal visits; but it must be recollected there was a time, and that within the memory of men, when some grave and even lofty tragedy was listened to, and the *bonne bouche* of the pantomime reasonably waited for. John Kemble has played the Stranger to a Boxing-night audience; Charles Kemble, George Barnwell or Hastings; and Mrs. Siddons, Millwood or Jane Shore. Now, the four-hour pantomime and extravaganza occupy the evening, with the exception, as on Monday at Drury Lane, of a farce like *The Latest from New York*, which enables the carpenters and scene painters to give the final touch to the astounding scenery that is to follow.

With our somewhat contemptuous opinion of modern pantomime, we shall not weary our readers with descriptions which can convey no idea of the performances. To describe fireworks or chronicle a harlequinade is about the same vain attempt. Where there is neither plot nor genuine art nothing is to be recorded, because it is all hap-hazard appeal to fancy, whim, and the humour of the spectator. The whole is a gallimaufry, which if it pleases is right, and if it does not is wrong. The only criterion is success. We shall, therefore, merely point out, as far as we have been able to observe, the especial characteristic of each.

Drury Lane goes in for quantity. It is entitled *Harlequin and Robin Hood*, and the introduction takes part of that story, mixing it with a fairy mythology, to give room for the ballet business. There is little real humour in the opening. Personification is not in itself humorous, though very probably, to a child's mind, to see a man dressed up as a fiddle or as a French horn may be very funny. We suppose it is; but to us it seems a wearisome trick. The chief scene is that termed "the Watteau scene," because some fifty couple are dressed up in the operatic exaggerated style of Watteau, and dance in a glade of Sherwood Forest, lighted up with a tinsel glow that delights the eyes of those who love to gaze on glare merely because the eye likes, as the palate does in another manner, to get drunk with excess of its natural nutriment. In this sense this scene fulfils to the uttermost its intent; and all who admire gin palaces (which in their way are very grand), or Cremorne or Vauxhall fireworks, and that class of art, will be very greatly delighted with it. The next great scene is that of the transformation, and here the great artist, Mr. Beverley, indulges entirely in

the vagaries of his fancy, which has conceived monstrous golden groups of fern and trees that split in two, disclosing voluptuous women suspended in a variety of attitudes. Here the genius of show and gaud must revel. All is blue and red light, sheen, and fantastic combinations, with excess of gems and gold and silver tissue. It is twelfth-cakeism carried to its superlative state. The harlequinade is long and active, and comprises two adult sets and one child set of Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine. The fire of events is rapid, and in its own way clever. Covent Garden has a genteel and moderate extravaganza and pantomime, in which Mr. Payne, the famous pantomimet, is the chief attraction. This entertainment would do for quiet families, especially if it were played before the long opera of "Satanella." The Haymarket piece is a pretty fairy extravaganza, with some taste and much fancy in the scenery. This will probably be the favourite with well-bred and elegant young ladies. The Princess's, as might be supposed, depends more on the getting up than the intrinsic merits, and is kept within the due bounds that will please its genteel audiences. The Lyceum is a great attempt, being no less than to burlesque the Iliad of Homer, and forty characters speak in it, but this distribution of parts is not effective. It is said to be smartly written, but is certainly not smartly spoken. The really genuine fun is made by the quaint acting of Mr. Rogers. The spectacle is expensively and glowingly got up; and it is a fair average spectacle. The Adelphi has the double attraction of a new house with new pieces. The house is the best worth seeing, being a very successful erection. The pantomime is commonplace; but, as all these entertainments are decided upon by children, who have no opportunity of comparison with previous works of the kind, it probably will answer its purpose with the best. The Olympic and the Strand have never ventured on absolute pantomime, and content themselves, the first with cleverly burlesquing Lord Byron and Mr. Astley's legend of "Mazeppa," in which Mr. Robson's fantasies as a mad horse-riider are the real attraction. The second has taken Kenilworth and its dismal story to make fun of, and it seems successfully. Glass gems, pyrotechnic lights, and all the fictitious riches of gold and silver leaf have been abundantly used, and seem to open the perfect idea of El Dorado to the admiring audience. The Surrey, which is the transpontine Drury Lane, is equally monstrous and gorgeous with its great prototype, and is essentially a pantomime for the populace. Astley's is equine, but the horses do not enter into the fun, though a Jackass Clown, a Courser Harlequin, and a Palfrey Columbine would have been a novelty. The true art of horse-acting is yet to be invented. The Victoria Theatre is darkened by a misfortune which horribly contrasts with the coarse and vivid life of pantomimists and their audience. The remoter suburban theatres bring out all their resources on these occasions; and the Britannia, the Grecian, the Standard, the City of London, and the Pavilion are more likely to have the really most meritorious harlequinades, because they have in their audiences the severest and most capable judges of acrobats, clowns, posturers, *et id genus omne*, and are not to be bamboozled by fine scenery and gorgeous displays, out of the activity, skill, daring, and fun which they demand of a pantomime company. What moral we may draw from the tastes of those who cater or those who encourage such a universal prostration to gawgaws, bad puns, old practical jokes, and athletic tumblings, must be postponed to a more timely occasion. That a change is fast coming over the veritable pantomime we believe, and very probably, through the medium of burlesque, it will cast its motley skin, and gradually rise to a more satisfying and civilising kind of entertainment.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

"If you wish to make a mess of everything, have a committee," said the *Times* a short time ago, and it has never been better exemplified than by the Committee for the Havelock Statue for Trafalgar-square.

Two or three advertisements were issued, each contradicting the former, and at last, after dallying about for seven months, there appears a final request for a statue to correspond with General Sir Charles Napier, the sketches to be two feet high;—ciphers, mottoes, sealed letters containing the estimate of cost, and all the usual humbug. It was only when artists began to inquire where such sketches were to be received, that it occurred to this wonderfully wise committee that there ought to be some place provided for the purpose, and the Suffolk-street Gallery was at length fixed upon, and two months are occupied about the selection, when it might have been accomplished in two days. The result is, as we stated last week, Mr. Behnes has been chosen, after having violated every condition laid down in the advertisement. Mr. Behnes sent not only a model three feet, but a life-sized bust, upon which he boldly affixes his name. Another—who always runs Mr. Behnes very hard—also sent a three-foot model and life-size bust, and he as boldly affixes his prices. Statues at per foot! The manly and honest course to be pursued was to have excluded such works, to mark their contempt at such proceedings. But no! the committee divided their votes between the two, and passed entirely over the one admirable sketch marked "Vola," a work that should have had their suffrages, fulfilling every condition, and the only work eminently fitted to be cast in bronze. London will therefore have an inferior statue, and a thoroughly competent sculptor has been treated with neglect.

Mr. G. Adams, we are told, is engaged upon a model for a marble statue of General Napier for St. Paul's; and, remembering the one in bronze at Charing-cross by him, we certainly do not look forward very hopefully.

Mendelssohn is to have a bronze statue, and, it is said, to be erected in one of the parks: the model is complete, and will rival the worst work in the metropolis. How monstrous this is, when Baily is obliged to leave the profession, having literally no employment—Weeks, Foley, Marshall, Woodington, and others, some not half employed, others without a commission, and whose every production is a gain to art.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

GREAT BRITAIN has produced few composers of the versatility, musical calibre, and conceptive powers of Mr. Balfe. Examine his works, from the early-coined opera, *I Risoli*, brought out at Palermo, up to the newly-minted *Satanella* at Covent Garden, and it will be found that they all partake of the glow and hue of a fervid imagination, and are the emanations of a mind that can take the impression of almost any die. It is true that the fire of early days is, in some degree, toned down by the mellowing touch of time; yet the evidences of the school in which the more rigid process of training was effected, start up ever and anon, with all their classic associations. No man has done so much towards successfully incorporating the expression, gracefulness, and dramatic effects of the Italian school with the less ornate style of the English. Hence the operas of Balfe are peculiar to himself. He is the last link in the chain of fertile popular composers, dating from Purcell, who have founded a school of their own. In ballads and fugitive pieces especially, the stamp of individuality is more apparent than in compositions of greater magnitude. Balfe's name as a melodist is proverbial, while he is no less renowned for consummate skill in developing the orchestral resources of his art. In the opera of *Satanella* there appears to be a wide departure from any work of his previously existing—so little a family likeness in fact, as almost to give the sceptic room for doubting its paternity. It appears as if the composer were continually dipping his quill into the unplumbed ocean of mysterious counterpoint, such as the German writers regard as the be and end all, of good music. Frequently is seen the natural impulse floating about the development of some profound thought, as if anxious to tear itself away from the bondage of the rules of art. There are, doubtless, many fine thoughts and bold conceptions in the work; here a quaint device, there a startling combination; but there is the want of relationship to the subject in general and themselves in particular. At this time of the year it may be a pardonable similitude if we liken it, in some measure, to a Christmas tree, glittering with fanciful imaginings, strung with odd affinities and startling conceits, and mysteriously united to a sapless stem. One of the great secrets of success to any opera is that of having a good subject to compose to, and in this particular we are far from thinking that Mr. Balfe has been lucky. *Satanella* has its story in the supernatural class, and the composer has consequently adopted the style of music in which the Germans revel whenever a romantic subject is submitted for treatment. There

is no overture to *Satanella*; a short instrumental prelude prepares the way for a chorus, full of vigorous hilarity and satulatory joy. The first song assigned to Leila, "Our hearts are not our own," though not forcibly fresh, is pretty enough to get a hearing out of the opera. In the second scene we meet with a quaint comic melody, "Oh, would she but name the day"—a remarkable illustration of the aptitude of the composer in putting singable music to a measure anything but rhythmical. The clumsy execution in a literary point of such songs as these is a greater sin against pure taste than the rough paths and somewhat free sentiment which formerly characterised the delectable lyrics that humble vendors were wont to expose on the walls of our now thronged thoroughfares. In the descent of Arimanes our ears come in contact with a scene in which nothing appears to be attempted beyond a grapple with notes profoundly deep, and sudden leaps to the extreme bound of the vocal register. There is no tune in it. The instrumentation is wonderfully conceived, and aids materially to describe diabolic rage under the pressure of insult or annoyance. "When fortune frowns and friends forsake" is a tenor song, which, from a fertile mind like that of Balfe's, was probably cast off without effort. But a much better aria succeeds for soprano almost immediately—"There's a power whose sway." In this situation mysterious music is heard, the harp and flute predominating. The melody is occasionally borne up by an invisible chorus, in simple, sustained chords, with immense effect, and forms an admirable climax to the first act. A recitative, "Ah me!" andante and bravura, given to the soprano, is an exhibition of brilliant execution and pathos; the subject is given out by the trombones on the opening of the second act, and is frequently afterwards interwoven with the instrumentation. A song for tenor follows on very closely, "An angel form in dreams beheld," pretty and melodious, though not of that stamp that takes possession of the ear at once, and will not easily let go its hold. Another recitative and aria given to the soprano, "Let not the world disdain," stand out a little from the beaten path; a beautiful solo for the clarinet waits on the singer, and when to these is added the beauty of the scenery, we may stamp this as the most interesting point in the opera. The remaining portion of this act is largely occupied on concerted pieces, which can be but feebly illustrated by pen and ink were such a drawing necessary. The third act reintroduces Arimanes and *Satanella*, in which anathemas and asseverations of a thorough demoniacal character predominate. In this, by far the most dramatic and trying portion of the opera, there is scarcely a cantabile passage for the demon-chief. In a characteristic song for soprano, "Sultana Zulema," which brings the third act to a close, we could trace more freedom from the fetters of self-imitation. To open the fourth and final act another song is awarded to the tenor; its leading characteristic is simplicity. A few pieces hitherto unmentioned are constructed with the skill of a master hand, but which would be successful only in the situations to which they are assigned. It will be seen that nearly all the solo music is composed for Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison. Mr. Weiss has a part that belongs not to mortals to make anything of. As a whole the opera has a strong balance of merit in its favour; and we hope it will have "a run," and that its career will repay the care and attention that have evidently been bestowed upon its production by the active and popular management—one that really deserves the warmest support.

Auber's sparkling opera, *Le Part du Diable*, was selected to inaugurate the French season at St. James's Theatre on Wednesday. The music to this opera has all the peculiarities of style, and discovers the great art of its celebrated composer; it displays his usual taste and lively fancy; there is a great deal of elaborate orchestration, and the subject is treated in a manner which its nature demands. Yet, with all this, it lacks the variety of exquisite melody which has given such a peculiar stamp to the great majority of Auber's works, and which, in consequence, take precedence of the one in question. The four characters which stand out in bold relief; namely, Carlo, Casilda, Rafael d'Estuniga, and Gil Vargas. Carlo was impersonated by Madame Fauré, of whom the French critics have spoken in terms of well-tempered eulogy. Madame Fauré is unquestionably an actress of very considerable intelligence and energy; her voice is one of great compass, and is adapted for passages requiring powerful expression, as well as for portraying nice shades of distinction; but her singing is purely of the French school of vocalisation, that has never found many admirers out of France—it being too artificial, allowing too much to art, too little to nature—a style, in point of fact, that aims at repressing the natural powers of the voice, in order to produce an imaginary degree of extra refinement. The part of Casilda, though a secondary one, has always been regarded as of importance, from the circumstance of its having been written for Madame Anna Thillon, who, it is needless to say, gave as brilliant a reading as the composer could have desired. The cast of the other principals seems to be an error in judgment; for, though they without doubt possess qualities that could be appreciated in another scene of

action, it is clear that they were unsuited to their positions in *Le Part du Diable*. Making allowances for a first night, everything passed off very agreeably. The band, under the conductorship of M. Rémusat, were all men of mark, so that the beautiful instrumentation received ample justice at their hands. At the close of the opera the National Anthem was attempted. This elicited bursts of applause, from the spirited manner in which the solos—the last especially—were sung, though in a language which seemed to puzzle our Parisian visitors beyond a little.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE nomination for the two King's scholarships at the Royal Academy of Music, vacant at this time of the year, took place on Monday, the 20th inst. The board of examiners consisted of Mr. Cipriani Potter, chairman, Mr. John Goss, Mr. Charles Lucas, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. Henry Blagrove, Mr. W. Dorrell, and Mr. W. Lovell Phillips. The number of candidates examined was thirty-six—thirteen young gentlemen, and twenty-three young ladies. The following were elected scholars:—Miss Charlotte Tasker, and Mr. George Hale Thomas. The following candidates were specially commended:—Misses M. A. Lindley, E. Bailey, C. M. Wallace, M. A. Walsh, H. Clint, and C. Fitzpatrick. Messrs. E. J. Amor, P. Waddell, J. T. Hill, L. Lee, H. C. Allison, B. Mallatrat, E. R. T. Terry, and R. T. Jefferies. Miss H. Condon was commended.

It is announced that an amateur dramatic performance will be given on January 11, in the private theatre at Camden House, Kensington; the proceeds to be devoted to the Prize Fund of the Society for the encouragement of the Fine Arts.

The *Manchester Examiner* and *Times* states that on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, a number of gentlemen met in the Town-hall of that city, under the presidency of the Mayor (Ivies Mackie, Esq.), to make arrangements for a repetition, at the Free-trade Hall, of the oratorio of "The Messiah," as performed on the 17th inst. by the Manchester Choral Society, accompanied by a short introductory address, for the instruction and gratification of the working classes. Mr. Charlewood stated that Mr. Halle and the Choral Society had entered thoroughly into the scheme, and the former had suggested some Wednesday night for the performance. The funds required to be guaranteed were about 300*l.*, which, he thought, might be readily obtained. Of the orchestra of 250 performers, 200 would give their services gratuitously. There would be seats for 3600 of the working classes. Each subscriber to the scheme would receive thirteen tickets for every guinea subscribed. Several gentlemen promised to subscribe amounts of 10*l.* and 20*l.*, making in all about 1000*l.*; it being understood that they should present the tickets to operatives, and persons who would not, under ordinary circumstances, pay to hear an oratorio. A committee was formed, of which Mr. R. Barnes was appointed chairman, to solicit millowners and other employers to subscribe for tickets, and present them to their workpeople. A deputation was also appointed to wait on the Lord Bishop of Manchester, to ask him to give the proposed introductory address on the occasion. A resolution was also passed, giving authority to Mr. Hallé to engage the same vocalists who sang on the 17th inst., and make arrangements for the day of the performance. It was stated that the performance would probably take place in the beginning of February.

Mr. Barnum read a lecture, for the first time, on Wednesday night, at the St. James's Hall, before a considerable audience. The effect of the opening was somewhat marred by a species of row, such as must have reminded the lecturer of scenes enacted during the Jenny Lind mania in America. After reviewing the origin and history of money, from the earliest times to the present—and having proved to his own satisfaction that all great men, though apparently stimulated by love of fame, have really been actuated by lust of pelf—Mr. Barnum introduced an anecdote of a cute Bostonian, who, when asked to dine with a wealthy merchant, and being pressed to partake of more than one joint, replied: "No, I thank thee, friend; but I will take out the value in money, if thou wilt give it me." Now it is somewhat curious that in an American report of a temperance lecture delivered by Mr. Barnum, on the other side of the Atlantic, he is represented as appropriating this anecdote to himself, making his companion the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, who presses him to take some wine, and the *locus* the Albion Tavern, Great Russell-street. Most of the jokes related during the lecture are to be found in Mr. Barnum's book. At the close of the entertainment each person present received a ticket to view a mermaid, to be exhibited on the next and following days at St. James's Hall.

The *Revue et Gazette des Théâtres* states that Madame Ristori was last week about to leave Florence for Naples, with a company of performers, to fulfil an engagement of a month. She was told by the Neapolitan Chargé d'Affaires that his Government had interdicted her personally from entering the kingdom, though her performers, on demanding and obtaining regular authorisation from the King, might do so. As Madame Ristori had obtained visas to her passports, and had paid for places in the diligence, she

requested an explanation; but the Chargé d'Affaires said that he could not give any, and expressed his regret at the inconvenience to which she was subjected. The more surprise, says the *Gazette*, is felt at this strange proceeding, from the Count de Syracuse, one of the King's brothers, being a great admirer of Madame Ristori, and having, when she was last at Naples, taken her under his special patronage.

M. Calzadò, director of the Italian Theatre, lately brought an action before the Tribunal of Commerce against M. Galvani, one of the singers, to have his engagement for the season declared null and void. His advocate represented that Galvani had been engaged at a very liberal salary as *primo tenore assoluto*, but that he had made a complete *fiasco* in the first part which he played—that of Lindoro in the "Italiani in Algieri"—and that he had been pronounced by some newspaper critics not to be at all equal to the position he had taken; and the advocate contended that every theatrical engagement was held to be void when the performer failed to please the public—in proof of which he cited various law authorities and precedents. M. Galvani, on the other hand, through his advocate, stated that M. Calzadò had not engaged him until after he knew that he (Galvani) had sung with success in Italy, Germany, and Belgium; that foreign journals had spoken highly of his talent; and that it was on the express recommendation of no less a person than Mme. Borghi-Mamo, a competent judge of singing, that M. Calzadò had engaged him. He further said that on the first night he had been afflicted with a cold, but that nevertheless, if some journals had spoken ill of him, others had spoken well. He produced a certificate from Duprez, who is now director of the singing-school at the Conservatoire, to the effect that he had a veritable tenor voice; and he said that M. Calzadò's reason for wanting to get rid of him was that, in addition to Mario and himself, he had engaged two other tenors, Graziani and Belard, and did not need four. Galvani therefore prayed that the action might be dismissed, and that M. Calzadò might be condemned to pay him a month's salary, which fell due on the 1st November last. M. Calzadò's advocate begged that three experts might be charged to report on the extent and quality of Galvani's voice. But the tribunal, without noticing this request, decided that the engagement of a performer can only be put an end to when it shall be clearly proved that the public had received him with marked disfavour, and that M. Calzadò produced no such proof with regard to Galvani. It therefore rejected his action "for the present," and ordered him to pay Galvani 257*fr.*, his month's salary due on the 1st November last.

M. Fould, Minister of State, has granted the privilege of the new Theatre du Peuple, on the Boulevard de Sebastopol, to the son of Lafond, the tragedian of the Théâtre Français in the time of Talma.

The director of La Scala, at Milan, has been prevented by the monetary crisis which prevails in Lombardy from paying his performers. This is the first time such a failure has occurred there.

A letter from Riga speaks of a manuscript, in Haydn's handwriting, of a comic opera, entitled *L'incontro Improvviso*, presented to the library of that town by Prince Esterhazy, when he visited it on his way to the coronation of the Emperor, in 1856. Haydn was 25 years chapel-master in the Prince's family, and many of his productions still remain in manuscript in its archives.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday afternoon Professor Faraday delivered the first of his Christmas course of lectures to a juvenile audience, the subject being "Metalline Properties, Lustre, &c."

The Professor said that his audience might suppose the properties of metals to be easily distinguished and quite distinct from those of all other bodies; but there is in fact no property possessed by metals in which other bodies do not participate, the difference being only in degree. Thus, for instance, the properties of reflection, of colour, of weight, and of transparency belong to other substances as well as to the metals, though the latter possess some of them in a higher degree than any other bodies. He noticed the elementary character of the metals, and the vast number of different elements which that class of bodies exhibits compared with all other substances in nature. Thus, whilst all the objects which we behold are formed almost entirely of four or five elementary substances, there is a long list of metals, each of which, so far as chemists have yet ascertained, consists of distinct elements. To show how compound substances may be formed, Professor Faraday exhibited a flask containing water, which was in the course of being manufactured from a gas flame; but though man could thus combine together apparently dissimilar elements, it defies his present knowledge to form any of the metals. Chemists, he said, would be equally delighted if they could transmute gold into lead, or if they could change lead into gold; but all attempts to decompose the metals have hitherto failed. The property of reflection which gives lustre to metals is the one which they possess in

a higher degree than other bodies; and the illustration of this property in a variety of ways constituted the principal subject to which the attention of the audience was directed. A red-hot ball was suspended from a stand on the lecture table, and a bright gold medal was placed a few inches below it. When a piece of phosphorus was put upon the medal it was not ignited, though it instantly took fire when the bright metallic surface was removed. When a piece of rock salt was placed between the phosphorus and the hot ball, the phosphorus was inflamed, and the rock salt remained cold; but on the interposition of a piece of glass, the opposite effect took place—the glass being then heated, and the phosphorus was not affected; the heat of the glass being insufficient to inflame the phosphorus when removed from proximity to the red-hot ball. These different effects Professor Faraday attributed to the reflecting power of the gold, which sent back the heat from its surface, and, though so close to the source of heat, it was itself quite cool. The power of gold for reflecting light was compared with that of glass, by throwing the rays of the electric lamp on to gold and on to glass surfaces at the same time, the different degrees of reflection from the two being strikingly manifested when the disc of light was reflected by them on a screen. The powerful effect of metallic reflection was shown by a parabolic reflector, such as is used in lighthouses; for on the application of such a reflector to a common argand oil lamp, the rays of light thus concentrated and reflected lighted up the parts towards which they were directed with a brilliancy very far surpassing that of the flame itself. The reflection of heat from the surface of gold was afterwards illustrated by several interesting experiments, the most curious of which was the toasting of a slice of bread by means of a red-hot salamander. The bread was previously covered partially with pieces of gold leaf, and, though all the other parts were toasted almost black, those parts covered with the gold leaf were apparently untouched. Professor Faraday said that if his face and hands and clothes were to be thus gilded he might be placed near to the hottest furnace for a short time without being injured. The transparency of gold was shown by placing gold leaf in the rays of the electric lamp, the light of which passed through the solid metal, and threw a beautiful green light on the screen. When gold is still more finely divided by solution, and by being dissipated by the charge of an electrical battery, the colours vary from a beautiful purple to a fine red. Experiments exhibiting this transparent property of gold by the electric lamp concluded the lecture.

The subjects for the lectures on Thursday and Saturday were also connected with the metals; that for the former day being their chemical power, and that for the latter their properties in connection with heat, electricity, &c.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—The President of the Royal Society has appointed Lord Wrottesley, General Sabine, Sir R. Murchison, Mr. Gassiot, Dr. Whewell, and Mr. Bell, vice-presidents of the society.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S EXPEDITION.—The following letter from Dr. Livingstone, dated on the 4th of October from the Kongone river, has been received by the Rev. Dr. Thompson:

My dear Dr. Thompson,—I could not possibly write you by last opportunity from Zambezi; but there was so little to communicate, you were no loser. We have now had more time to look about us, and I think we have ascertained the point, that entering this river at the time we did is nearly quite safe, if no delay takes place among the mangrove swamps. We have been favoured with fair health, and have had ailments more like common colds than fever. Two of the party are now at Tete, and the others hope to join them shortly. We got a ton and a half of coals there, the first ever taken out of the earth in that country; and as the Portuguese have shown a great deal of public spirit, we are sure of a larger supply when we return. My poor fellows received me with joy. They had been taunted by the Tete people that their Englishman would never return; but they hoped on, and have amassed quantities of beads to take back to their own country. Thirty of them died of small pox, and six were killed by a rebel chief at the conference of the Suenya. The confidential servant of Lekwebu is with me now on board the launch, which is so small we could not bring more of them down, though they were anxious to come in service. We found the country in a state of war, and the Portuguese were too busy with that to help us with canoes. It is finished now, and my old friend, Major Lecard, at once assisted with luggage; but it has quite depopulated the land adjacent to the river. We see the river in this month at its very lowest; and as it spreads out into from one to two miles in width, the broad parts are very difficult. When we get up to Lupata our difficulties vanish, for above that point it is in one or two channels of about 1000 or 1200 yards broad. I admire its size more than ever. When I came down in a canoe it was full, and I saw but one channel where now are two or three. If the Portuguese would be at the expense of a few piles driven in, to effect what "snags"

sometimes do now, deep channels might be secured for the whole year. They are going to build a fort and custom-house at this or the Lualla.—With kind regard, &c.,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tuesday, Jan. 4.—4. Council Meeting of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society.
Saturday, 8.—2. Royal Asiatic Society.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

The proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries terminated, until the middle of January, on Thursday week, when the evening was chiefly devoted to a paper by Durrant Cooper, Esq., on the series of Great Seals made by Simon for the use of the Parliament and Cromwell. The King protested by proclamation against any seal being manufactured for the use of his refractory Parliament; but they left his denunciation unheeded and voted 2007. to Simon for his celebrated work, representing on one side the House of Commons assembled in St. Stephen's Chapel, and on the other a map of the British islands. A remarkably fine impression of this, the most curious of the Great Seals of England, was exhibited; as well as the series in all its varieties of those made for Cromwell, in which his own coat of arms, with its six quarterings of the arms of Welsh families, were fully described. The original commission constituting Blake, Monk, Desbrow, and Penn, admirals of the British navy, signed and sealed by the Protector, was exhibited, as well as other documents of the era. A. W. Franks, Esq., recounted some modern attempts at forged antiquities, and exhibited some from Italy; one, a plate, in imitation of fifteenth-century Raffaele ware; another, a glass vase, covered with fragments of genuine iridescent glass, which had been affixed to give it an antique look. He also exhibited what purported to be a seal of Castelfranco, but which was also a forgery. On the previous evening meeting this subject of "modern antiquities" was fully entered into.

A series of drawings and specimens of Mexican antiquities, from the collection of E. G. Squier, was also exhibited and described. Mr. Squier is well known from his researches in Central America, and among the aboriginal tribes of America, and he has published some most useful disquisitions on the somewhat mystic manners of the people who inherited Central America. He has had peculiar facilities in his branch of study, having been a Government official, and connected with railways in that district.

The Numismatic Society occupied its last evening sitting by reading a communication on some early Phœnician Coins, by the president, and which have been recently added to the British Museum collection. They commenced with specimens of those of Maladus, B. C. 145.

The last number of the *Revue de la Numismatique Belge* contains a gratifying tribute of respect to a well-known numismatist, M. Joachim Lelewel, the well-known author of the useful handbook for all students in that difficult class of coins which form the earliest native currency of France, Germany, and England. His "Types Gaulois," as well as his "Geographie du Moyen Age," are reference books of great general value. M. Lelewel is a Polish exile, who has made Belgium his home for twenty-five years, and enriched its literature by researches into its history and archaeology. His adopted countrymen have now struck a medal, in the style of the jettons of the fifteenth century, having on one side his portrait, and on the other the inscription *Amor Belgarum exultis solatium*. The same journal contains some good papers on Byzantine, Merovingian, and Eastern coins, with very well-executed engravings.

A series of coins, medals, and jettons connected with the city of Lille has been recently published by M. Van Hende of that place. It is a work of peculiar and curious research. Lille was remarkable for the industry of its mint; and one section only of this work, illustrative of the jettons issued, occupies twenty-eight plates, including 268 specimens.

Le Comte Maurin Nahays, of Utrecht, has just published a magnificent quarto Numismatic History of the Kingdom of Holland, commencing where that of Van Loon ends, and preserving many of those curious ephemeral coins and jettons which render the medallic history of the Low Countries so curious to the student.

M. Penon, of Marseilles, is about to publish a work devoted to an explication of the medals bearing monograms of the Romano-Byzantine period, as well as of the Lombards, Visigoths, and Merovingian Kings. They are at present a confused and confusing series, much in want of explanation; and he requests the communication of any not included in the engravings to the works of the Baron Marchant and the Marquis de Lagoy.

LITERARY NEWS.

ARRANGEMENTS are in progress for a large and influential deputation to wait on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the purpose of obtaining the repeal of

the paper duty during the ensuing session of Parliament. It will be composed of delegates from the various associations formed in London, Edinburgh, and London.

The committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Pure Literature have granted to the Council of the Society of Arts the privilege of giving recommendations to the Institutions in union, enabling them to obtain at half-price libraries of 5*l.* worth and upwards of books, to be selected from a catalogue issued by the society, and which will be supplied to any institution applying for it.

The following letter has been received by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh from Lord Brougham:—"Providence, Dec. 18, 1858.—My Lord: I have this morning had the honour of receiving your Lordship's letter with the inclosed address, and I have no words which can express how deeply I have been affected by it. Believe me, my Lord, I did not read either that or your letter with dry eyes. I refer not merely to the personal kindness of my highly-esteemed fellow-citizens (as the honour formerly bestowed entitles me to call them), but it is an unspeakable gratification to find all the great community under your Lordship's care approving, without distinction of class, or party, or sect, those measures to which, to the very moderate extent of my powers, my life has been devoted, for improving as well as preserving our institutions, raising the character of our people, and furthering generally the progress of human improvement. The sickness which has visited this family, and the uncertainty of the meeting of Parliament, at which I must of course be present, prevent me from naming the time at which I can hope to have the happiness of meeting my friends in your city. As soon as this can be ascertained, I shall have the honour of again addressing your Lordship. Believe me to be, with great respect, your faithful servant, BROUGHAM.—Right Hon. the Lord Provost."

Professor Max Müller, Fellow of All Souls' College, has been elected a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France.

The late Rev. Richard Dill has left a munificent bequest to the Magee College, Derry, Ireland. The *Belfast Banner* states that the sum immediately available amounts to about 7000*l.*, and that on the deaths of certain relatives who have a life interest, the portion of the residue of his estate is to be inherited by the same institution, to which he has also bequeathed his valuable library.

A writer in the *Court Circular* states that, should Mr. Buckstone live to retire from the stage, he "contemplates writing an autobiography, for the sake of presenting the reading public with recollections of his distinguished contemporaries, and of giving an account of the inner life of the London theatres since 1820, with personal descriptions and reminiscences of the performers, authors, poets, and critics with whom he has been associated from time to time."

The centenary of the birth of Burns is to be celebrated in Liverpool by a soirée of the working classes at the concert-hall, and by a musical entertainment and ball at the St. George's-hall. A meeting to make arrangements for the latter was held yesterday.

The proprietor of the *Sheffield Times*, who was the plaintiff in the case of "Harrison v. Pearce," tried last week, announces in the last number of that journal the discontinuance of the daily issue of that paper, in consequence of the damaging effects of the libels published by the defendant and others. "The daily morning paper," says the proprietor, "being newly established, suffered the most from the effect of the libels, and in fact so much, that a month or two ago we considered we should probably be compelled to discontinue its publication—at any rate, until a more favourable period. We did not take the step immediately, lest it should be supposed or alleged that we had done it in order to make out a case for damages and to influence the jury. While the matter was pending we determined to make no change of any kind whatever. One effect of the libels has been that the capital and labour which have been expended in establishing the *Sheffield Times* as a daily newspaper have been wholly lost. We are therefore compelled to succumb to this extent to the adverse influences which have been brought to bear against us, and to announce that the daily issue of the *Sheffield Times* will be discontinued."

The *Lancaster Guardian* states that the Rev. J. Richardson, master of Appleby Grammar School, has translated the "Song of Solomon" into the Westmoreland dialect, for Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. This song, in the dialects of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland, is now in the press, by order of the Prince.

The *Jewish Chronicle*, discussing the extraordinary fact that Hebrew MSS. are sometimes found buried in the ground, thus seeks to account for it: "Some sensation has lately been created in the Continental literary world by the unexpected reintegration of a Caraitic manuscript in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, originally coming from Cairo, by some loose leaves, evidently belonging to the same volume, brought from the Crimea, whither they had been carried from Jerusalem, where they had been buried before. Dr. Tischendorf, who had procured the originally defective manuscript, in a letter to the Imperial Librarian, shares his astonishment at the extraordinary manner in which the missing leaves had

been recovered. This functionary writes: 'What may have induced the Caraitic community at Jerusalem to bury some leaves of its manuscript, whilst the remainder wandered into Egypt, remains uncertain; that they should, however, meet again at St. Petersburg was certainly not dreamt of by those who mutilated the manuscript.' The erudite Dr. Steinschneider, in noticing in the new number of his 'Hebraische Bibliographie' (Hammaskir) this correspondence, observes: 'To us the matter admits of a simple explanation, by supposing that the same leaves became accidentally loosened at the time that the manuscript wandered to Cairo, and consequently remained at Jerusalem. They were then—in consequence of the well-known veneration of Jews for the very fragments of Hebrew writings, on account of the name of God (shemeth) which they might contain—removed out of the way, in order to protect them from the profane use which is often made of waste paper. It is this veneration to which the discovery of several valuable ancient printed fragments is due. Books, however, were sometimes also buried from superstitious motives, as stated by Wagenseil (Sotah, 1180). With this custom may be compared that of the Turks, who consign the copies of the Koran executed by the sultans to the tombs in which the bodies are deposited. Hebrew works, however, were also buried in times of persecution, in order to save them from destruction. Thus the burial of books has sometimes preserved literary treasures, and at others robbed us of them.'

The *Siècle* publishes its seventh Lamartine subscription-list. The donations are very small. The highest sum appears to be 100f., and the lowest one penny, or ten centimes. The most frequent sums are 10f., 5f., 20f.

As a contrast to the above, a paragraph states that M. Hachette, the publisher, has already paid Lamartine, this year, 350,000 francs (14,000l.) for his 'Monthly Course of Literature.'

A weekly English newspaper, to be called the *Levant Herald*, is about to be published in Constantinople.

Foreign Books Recently Published.

- Andersen's (H. C.) Sämtliche Märchen, mit 125 illus. 5th edit. 8vo. Leipzig, 7s.
- Arendt (Rud.), Das Wachstum der Haarpflanze, 8vo. Leipzig, 3s.
- Barrois (M. G.), Traité de chimie technique appliquée aux arts, &c. tome iv. 8vo. 4s.
- Bellermann (Heinr.), Die Mensuralnoten u. Taktzeichen d. xv. u. xvi. Jahrhunderts erläutert, 4to. Berlin, 6s.
- Bibliotheca scriptorum classicorum et Græcorum et Latinorum, 8vo. Leipzig, 12s.
- Bibliotheca Græca curantibus Frid. Jacobs et Val. Chr. Fr. Roat. Euripidis tragædiæ, vol. II. sect. I. 8vo. Gotha, 2s.
- Platonis opera omnia, vol. III. sect. II. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- Bibliothèque Elzevirienne, 12mo. each 4s. 6d.
- Les Cent nouvelles nouvelles, publiées par Th. Wright, 2 vols. Cheneaux de Gaultier Garguille, nouv. édit. avec notes par E. Fournier, 1 vol.
- Blot (J. B.), Mélanges scientifiques et littéraires, 3 vols. 8vo. 20s.
- Bouillat (Louis), Histoire de la Révolution française, tome x. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- Bouillat (H.), Le Poussin, sa vie, son œuvre, 2d. edit. 12mo. 2s.
- Champion (Maurice), La fin du monde et les comètes au point de vue historique et scientifique, 12mo. 1s.
- Choua, Recueil de l'histoire naturelle. Crustacés, Mollusques, &c. Zoophytes, 4to. 5s. 3d.
- Cognat (Habbé J.), Clément d'Alexandrie, sa doctrine et sa polémique, 8vo. 4s.
- Copier, Sermons et Homélies, 2e. série, 12mo. 3s.
- Corpus hereticologicum, Tom. II. Et. a. t. r. Epiphani, episcopi Constantiensis, panaria eorumque anacaphoræ, tom. I. pars I. 8vo. Berlin, 14s.
- Dalmer (Karl Ed. Fr.), Auslegung d. Briefes St. Pauli an die Colosser, 8vo. Gotha, 4s.
- Dehay (A.), Les Nuits corinthiennes ou les Soirées de Laïs, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- Desbarreaux-Bernard, Les Lanternes, essai sur les réunions littéraires et scientifiques qui ont précédé, à Toulouse, l'établissement de l'Académie des Sciences, 8vo. Toulon, 5s. portrait 12s., without, 8s.
- Gervais et Van Beneden, Zoologie médicale, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
- Hefele (Carl Jos.), Constatations géologiques. Nach den Quellen bearb. vol. III. 8vo. Freiburg, 7s.
- Hoe, Le Christianisme en Chine, en Tartarie et au Thibet, tome iv. 8vo. 4s.
- Janet (Paul), Histoire de la philosophie morale et politique dans l'antiquité et les temps modernes, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
- Janin (Jules), Histoire de la Littérature dramatique, tom. v. vi. 12mo. 5s.
- Janin (Jules), Rasseil et la Tragédie, 1 vol. 8vo. avec 20 portraits d'après nature, représentant les. Hecel dans ses principaux rôles, 25s.
- Keppler (Joa.), astronomi, opera omnia, edit. Ch. Frisch, vol. II. pars I. 8vo. 8s. Frankfurt-a-M. 6s.
- La Flandre (Albert ed.), Histoire de la crinoline au temps passé, 12mo. 2s.
- Luciani Samonastensis opera, edit. Gull. Dindorf, vols. II. III. editio stereot., 8vo. Leipzig, 6s. Tauchnitz, 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- Latte, Königen v. Preussen, Dem deutschen Volke gewidmet, 3rd. edit. 12mo. Berlin, 6s.
- Mémoires inédits du comte de Lamotte-Valois, sur sa vie et son époque (1754-1830), 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- Mémoires et Correspondances politique et militaire du Prince Eugène, tome iv. 8vo. 5s.
- Michel (J.), L'Amour, 12mo. 3s.
- Mittheilungen aus Justus Perthes geographischer Anstalt, 4to. (8 colored maps, fol.), Gotha, each 1s.
- Mittig (T.), Verloren u. gefunden, Roman in 2 bdn., 8vo. Frankfurt-a-M. 12s.
- Nettement (A.), Souvenirs de la Restauration, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- Perron, Femmes arabes avant et depuis l'Islamisme, 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- Ribelle (C. de), Histoire des sauniers célèbres, industriels, &c. 8vo. 3s.
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- Sainte-Beuve, Galerie de femmes célèbres tirées des Causeries du Lundi, 8vo. 17s.
- Saint-Germain (J. T. de), Lady Clara, légende, 12mo. 1s.
- Saintine (X. B.), Chronique, 12mo. 2s.
- Sier (Dr. H.), Der Brief an die Epheser, 8vo. Berlin, 6s.
- Tacti (P. Cornelli), Opera que supersunt ad idem codicum Medicorum, vol. I. 2d. edit. royal 8vo. Zurich, 10s.
- Vapereau (G.), Dictionnaire universel des Contemporains, 8vo. 20s.
- Velde (Leut. C. W. M. van de), Map of the Holy Land, fol. Gotha, 21s.
- Velde (Leut. C. W. M. van de), Memoir to accompany the map of the Holy Land, 8vo. 7s.
- Villemet (A.), La vie à Paris, 2 vols. 12mo. 5s.
- Virelli Marconi, Carmina omnia, 12mo. avec 27 dessins, par Barrias, édition électorale, Firmin Didot, 12s.; édition avec vignettes photographiques, 32s. 6d.
- Vivien de Saint-Martin, Mémoire analytique sur la carte de l'Asie centrale et de l'Inde, 8vo. 3s.
- Wies (B.), Der Philippus-Brief, 8vo. Berlin, 5s. 6d.
- Werder (E.), Portraits intimes de Balzac, 12mo. 3s.
- Wunderlich (C. A.), Geschichte der Medizin, roy. 8vo. Stuttgart, 7s. 6d.
- Zimmermann (J.), A Grammatical Sketch of the Akra or Ga Language, 2 vols. 8vo. Stuttgart, 16s. 6d.

OBITUARY.

HEINRICH, Mile. CATINA, at one time principal singer at the Grand Opera, died at Friburg, of an affection of the heart. She was only thirty-seven years of age.

HERBERT, Mr. J. B., of Liverpool, for many years reporter, editor, and proprietor of the *Liverpool Press*.

MR. MORPHY'S MATCH WITH HERR ANDERSEN.—Once more victory has crowned the efforts of the young American phenomenon. According to the latest information, Mr. Morphy has won seven games, Herr Andersen two, and two have been drawn. We understand that Herr Andersen speaks in the highest terms of admiration of his youthful opponent, and frankly admits that he has been vanquished by a force in chess superior to anything he has ever before experienced. No stakes depended upon this match, but honour; but that is large enough, for after this victory Mr. Morphy must be admitted to be the first player in the world.

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